lecter manor

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by YouAreMyDesign

Summary

Will knows Hannibal approves of him, for lacking any other adult male relative, Will could not have married Mischa without his approval, but he has yet to figure out if Hannibal actually likes him.

Chapter 1

The day is pleasant, birdsong flooding the lush canopy of green forest that surrounds the Lecter manor, which sits nestled in the valley of two of the highest peaks in the Lithuanian mountain range he now calls his home. The roots of the trees are stained red, soaking up the rich-blood coloration of the ground that squelches and soaks into his boots as he idly walks down the long, winding path that curls around the base of one peak, between the manor and the gate.

At his side trots a scraggly black-grey wolfhound, one of the only things he brought with him from America upon marrying into the infamous Lecter family. There is a large pack of them, this being the only one that is Will's, but soon became simply another of the hunting animals kept on the grounds, loosely corralled and from the looks of things made to keep mostly to themselves, as long as they answer the call of their master when a foxhunt is due.

The air is humid and clings to his underarms and the back of his neck, his dark coat plastered to his shoulders and around his hips. He sighs, running a hand through his hair, wincing at the cling of sweat to his fingers as he slicks his hair back.

So much has changed in the past month, since he finally bit the bullet and finished the business contracts leftover from his father's estate, ensuring a steady stream of income and a solid set of advisors that don't rely on his presence to make sure all is kept in order. His great uncle is overseeing the rest of the business, and when he dies it will fall on Will to return to America to resolve any issues, but until then he has nothing more to do than resign himself to the life of European Lordship, with his lovely young wife, and do whatever young Lords do.

He pauses by the only creek large enough to fish in, and sighs, eyeing the stream. It rained recently, and so the creek is turgid and heavy-flowing, and he watches the little glimmer of silver-toned fish as they dart around the rocks and silt. Once winter comes and goes, he knows the adults will return and he will be able to provide fish that can accompany the meat and fruits his wife fetches, or her brother hunts. He doesn't know enough of the language to venture into the markets quite yet on his own.

He squints up at the clouds, which are growing heavy and dark, growling angrily down at him, promising a storm. He sighs, and turns away from the creek, walking back towards the manor. By the time he returns, it has just started to rain. There are no servants in the manor, though the space is large and the Lecters are certainly wealthy enough to afford them. He finds it refreshing – he, like his new wife and the rest of her family, prefers quiet solitude and selective company, and appreciates the lack of prying eyes as he goes about his daily business.

He sheds and hangs his coat and removes his red-stained boots, tucking them in the little antechamber before the thick and expensive carpets and pristine tiles begin. His socks slip on the marble as he walks inside, seeking the heat of the ever-burning fire.

He pauses, upon the threshold to the study, seeing the back of his new brother-in-law's head above the back of one of the dark, high-backed and black-fabric'd chair. Hannibal Lecter – Will knows Hannibal approves of him, for lacking other any adult male relative, Will could not have married Mischa without his approval, but he has yet to figure out if Hannibal actually likes him.

He clears his throat, and Hannibal's head inclines, tilts, but he doesn't otherwise react. It's as good an open invitation as he'll get, so Will walks in and settles himself in the chair's twin with a sigh, propping his feet up on a plush leather stool, close to the fire so his socks will dry.

Hannibal is reading a book, and turns his page with a flicker that is almost lost amidst the crackle of the fire. "How was the stream?" he asks.

Will tilts his head towards him, blows out a breath through his nose. "There'll be a good harvest, come spring," he replies. Hannibal is a stern-looking, regal man, older than Will by over a decade, older than his sister by almost two. Hannibal hums, and doesn't lift his eyes from his book. "Do you fish?"

Hannibal's lips twitch, and he shakes his head, lifting his eyes to fix on Will. He and his sister share the same near-black iris, brown and red and flecks of gold. Hannibal's hair is more flaxen than his sister, lighter with streaks of bronze and ash in contrast to Mischa's jet-black, straight hair, that falls to her waist when she has not styled it up into whatever fashion strikes her fancy.

"I prefer hunting," he replies. Will nods, and Hannibal, after a moment, lowers his gaze again. He has one leg crossed over the other, his book resting on his raised knee. "Hopefully that will not be the only harvest we see, come spring."

Will blinks at him, and frowns.

"I've noticed you still sleep in one of the guest rooms," Hannibal continues lightly, turning another page of his book. "Has my sister been neglecting her wifely duties?"

Will flushes, deeply. He doesn't know Hannibal well enough to discuss that kind of thing with him at all, least of all regarding Hannibal's sister, Will's wife, and anything an intimate as their marriage bed. He clears his throat and rests his eyes on the fire.

"I don't believe in forcing myself on anyone," he replies, trying to keep his voice as even as Hannibal's is – he is a good mimic, it's what earned him and his father their fortune. His fingers curl, and drum along the wide armrests of his chair.

Hannibal lets out a quiet sound of amusement. "Surely it's not a matter of force, to share a marriage bed with your wife," he says, and he sounds like he's trying not to laugh. "One might argue it is your right, and your duty as her husband, to give her children."

Will's nose wrinkles, just for a moment. "Would you have me exercise my 'right' on your sister?" he says, harshly.

Hannibal does laugh, this time. "I'm just curious, Will. Forgive me."

Will presses his lips together, wets them, and lifts his chin, his eyes on the fire. "It is the plague of our society that women are not given nearly as much freedom as that of men," he says, and looks to Hannibal again, finding the other man's eyes dark upon on his face. "She has no legal rights, nothing due to her except what her title is as Lady of this house. Whatever freedoms I can allow her, I will – if that means she does not want to invite me to her bed, that's her choice."

Hannibal's expression does not change, but his eyes shine with something sharp, and almost fond. "I can see why she is so besotted with you," he says with a smile, and Will's cheeks darken, but he forces himself not to look away. "I confess, when she met you last year, and returned home for the summer, she spoke of little else but how kind and respectful you were to her."

"She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," Will replies with a smile. "Her mind is unparalleled." He straightens when Hannibal smiles, knowing that, if nothing else, they can bond over their mutual adoration of Mischa Lecter. "She speaks highly of you, as well."

"I'm glad," Hannibal purrs, and closes his book, setting it to one side. There's a glass of wine atop a small table beside his chair, and he cradles it by the stem, lifting it to his nose and breathing in deeply, before he takes a sip.

Will waits, until Hannibal has finished with his drink and set the glass down. "I love Mischa very much," he says in the silence.

Hannibal's eyes flash to him, somehow darker than black now. "As do I," he says, and straightens in his seat again, retrieving his book. "I will speak to her and see if there is any reason she has not called you to her bed." Will frowns – he certainly doesn't need help wooing his own wife. "And…" Hannibal's eyes lift again, and his mouth slides into a wide smile that shows his teeth, "If you need my assistance in learning how to please my sister, I am more than happy to help."

Will blinks at him, swallowing harshly. "Thank you," he says weakly, and Hannibal smiles at him, and turns his attention back to his book. Will's socks are dry, and he feels like he has been dismissed, so he rises, not wanting to force his company on Hannibal any further.

He leaves the room, and smiles when the front doors open, letting Mischa inside with a flurry of rain. Her hair has been tied up into a series of soft loops and curls, but the rain has soaked her through, her shawl clinging to her pale shoulders and strings of her black hair falling around her face.

"Mischa," he murmurs, and she turns to him, shaking out her shawl, and gives him a bright, wide smile. She smiles in a way that splits her face almost entirely in half, and flings herself into his arms with a happy laugh.

"My love!" she cries, and kisses him in a way most unsuitable for prying eyes. He embraces her, one hand sliding to her wet, thick hair, the other settling on her slim waist. Mischa detests corsets and refuses to wear them, and so her dress gives to the soft flesh of her body,

and Will clings to her and she kisses him, sighing when they must break apart for air. "Have you been outside? The rain is lovely – come walk with me!"

Will laughs. "You'll catch a chill without a coat," he tells her.

She grins, and removes her shawl from her shoulders, shaking it out and hanging it up by Will's coat. "Perhaps later, then," she says. "When the rain stops, and the fireflies come out. Promise me you'll walk with me, then." Her brow arches, commanding, in the way it did upon their first meeting, that very slight haughtiness, as though waiting for Will to prove himself worthy of her company. Will hadn't been much of a believer in love at first sight until he met her.

"As if I could deny you anything," Will replies warmly, and she grins, and kisses him again. He pets up her arms, over her trembling shoulders, and sighs, shaking his head with another smile. "But you must promise me you will change into something warm and dry immediately."

Behind her, a shadow moves, and Hannibal appears at the doorway to the study. Mischa turns and smiles at her brother, just as brightly as she has ever smiled at Will. "Obey your husband, dear sister," he says quietly. "I will prepare us all something to eat."

She nods, and turns back to Will for one last kiss, before she takes her shawl and balls it up, and moves to the large, marble stairs that lead to the upper rooms. Will watches her go, pressing his lips together as he watches the tempting sway of her hips beneath her dress, her bared shoulders and the back of her neck. She doesn't wear the large skirts typical of American fashion, and wet as the rain made her, her clothes cling to her in a rather enticing way.

She disappears around the corner, and Will startles when Hannibal touches his shoulder. "Perhaps you will assist me in preparing dinner?" he asks, and Will nods, ducking his head and flushing at being caught openly admiring his wife. Hannibal's eyes shine with mirth, and he smiles. "Right this way."

Will did not meet Hannibal until the day he came to Lithuania at Mischa's behest, knowing if he were to marry her he would need the permission and approval of her older brother, since their parents are dead and according to the law no woman can marry without the patriarch's permission. He spent a week in the Lecter manor during the spring, familiarizing himself with the grounds, and upon receiving Hannibal's approval to marry his sister, they returned to America for the preparations.

After they married, Will settled his estates and Mischa returned to her home, so Will has never spent any true amount of time solely in Hannibal's company. As a result, he's nervous as he follows the other man into the kitchen. He learned quickly that the kitchen, pantry, and hunting dogs' pen was to be Hannibal's domain. The ambiance of the rooms settles over him

like a thick cloak, something heavy and dark like the pelt of a beast long-since dead, but whose ghost lingers over its ancestors and to whom they must still pay homage.

The kitchen is a large stone room, one wall hanging with pots and pans and various other cooking implements, as well as an impressive array of knives that shine and glimmer in the candlelight. There is a large wooden slab that holds red stains of animals long dead, in front of a giant iron hearth that is large enough to roast an entire pig within its maw.

Will shivers, and follows Hannibal to the large wooden table. Hannibal opens the fridge and pulls out a thick roll of meat, the leg of an animal, setting it atop the table between them.

"What's your preferred quarry?" Will asks, watching as Hannibal takes one of the knives from the wall, cutting the strings and paper from the slab of meat and neatly slicing the excess fat and trim from the flesh.

Hannibal smiles. "Care to guess?"

Will tilts his head, meets his eyes. "Deer?" he hazards. "Boar?"

"There are no boar in these parts," Hannibal replies with a laugh. "Not at this time of year, anyway."

Will huffs. "Gator?" he teases, and Hannibal blinks at him, before he laughs again.

He shakes his head, and continues his work. "This was a particularly lean and delicate animal," he murmurs, and Will's eyes fall to the thick, dark meat, so red as to almost be purple, oozing juice into a small puddle as Hannibal cuts away the excess. "Did you hunt, during your time in America?"

Will shakes his head. "My father taught me to fish, but hunting is for the rich and the leisurely."

"Leisurely?" Hannibal repeats. He does this sometimes when a word is unfamiliar to him, though Will knows both siblings are almost as fluent as native English speakers.

He lifts his shoulders in a shrug. "Those that have the time for it. Hunting can take days."

"And fishing does not?" Hannibal asks, tilting his head.

Will smiles, drumming his fingers lightly on the edge of the table. "Generally, no," he replies quietly. "It can, and certainly there were times my father and I would go for a week at a time to fish. But after a few hours one must accept that the fish simply will not bite that day, and accept the loss."

"I feel as though hunting and fishing require entirely different mindsets, then," Hannibal says. "Different kinds of patience."

"I suppose."

Hannibal hums, and finishes with preparing the meat, setting the knife down and gathering the cut-off pieces, discarding them in a nearby basin that Will knows from observation will go to the dogs. "Mischa told me your family home had a full staff of servants," he says, and Will nods, circling the table as Hannibal goes to the stove, turning on the gas and lighting a small, thin stick that he sets to the center of it, until a happy little ring of fire blooms upon the surface.

As Will watches, he goes to the wall where all the pots and pans are hanging, and unhooks a large iron tray, carrying it back to the stove and placing the center over the flame, carefully eyeing it to make sure he doesn't suffocate the small ring.

"I imagine it is quite jarring, then, to have to do everything for yourself here."

"I prefer it," Will replies, and Hannibal looks at him, another spark of approval coloring his eyes red. Or perhaps that is the reflection of the blood pinkening his fingertips in the low light. "Though I will say most of our servants were tasked with keeping the grounds, not for the household."

Hannibal laughs, his smile wide enough to show his teeth. He and his sister smile the same way, or at least, the same way when they look at Will. "Did you ever learn to cook, then?"

Will huffs, and shakes his head. "Will you teach me?" he asks.

"Of course," Hannibal replies with a gracious nod. He gestures to a small door on one side of the large hearth. "In that room is where we keep our spices, pickled vegetables, dried meats and so on. If you would, please fetch me some flour, parsley, and plum jelly."

Will nods, and goes to the door, opening it to reveal a small, dark room behind it. The scents of dried spices and sweet meats greet him, and he breathes in, stepping into the little room and squinting at the labels on each of the jars. The parsley and flour are easy to locate, but the jars all look the same, and the flavors are written in Lithuanian.

The door opens again, and Will flushes when he sees Hannibal there, and Hannibal smiles, stepping into the room. Small as it is, he must come close, and Will can smell the meat on his hands, the richness of his cologne, which is earthy and soft and reminds him of the roasts his mother made him when he was still a child.

"It's here," Hannibal says, and takes a jar with the word 'Slyva' written upon it. "This means 'Plum'. Forgive me, it's easy to forget you are not fluent yet."

Will flushes, and forces himself to laugh. "Soon, hopefully," he replies, and follows Hannibal out of the pantry, closing the door behind him. "Mischa has been teaching me."

"Perhaps we will both speak Lithuanian around you more often, to help get you acclimated," Hannibal replies, and Will doesn't know if he's teasing, but he likes the warmth in Hannibal's gaze as they set out the gathered ingredients on the wide stone countertop beside the heating pan. Hannibal takes the roast from the table and spreads out a thick layer of flour, rips the parsley and opens the plum jelly, smearing it out with the flat side of a large spoon until it resembles a paste.

He lays the roast atop it, and rolls it, until every edge is covered. His hands spread wide over the meat, gently massaging the spices and flour into its flesh, and pats the edges so that those, too, are covered. Then he lifts it and sets it atop the pan, and it immediately begins to sizzle from the heat. He rinses his hands and covers the meat with a domed dish, allowing the heat to remain trapped and cook the meat from all sides.

He washes his hands again, and Will busies himself with clearing away the mess, smiling to himself when Hannibal gives him another approving look.

When the mess is cleared away and the ingredients returned, Will washes his hands and dries them off on the same towel Hannibal used. "How long will it be?" he asks.

"An hour, perhaps two," Hannibal replies. He smiles at Will. "I hear Americans like to eat their dinners late at night."

Will laughs. "You're not wrong," he says. "But I will say that's one advantage fish has – it hardly takes so long after preparations are made."

"You must teach me, then, sometime, how to prepare such a dish properly," Hannibal says, and rests a gentle hand on Will's shoulder, subtly coaxing him back towards the door. Will goes, and Hannibal's hand drops away as they leave the kitchen and head back out into the main foyer. Just as they emerge, so too does Mischa from above, in another dress, this one black and falling to her feet, the rise of it covering but lifting her breasts to tempting fullness, her shoulders bare. She has another shawl, but holds it loosely at her elbows, her hair free and falling in soft waves down to her waist, framing her face.

Will's breath catches. God above, she's so beautiful. She makes everything in Will that gives him life freeze and stall, reaching for her like she alone keeps his heart beating. She smiles at him, and descends the stairs, eagerly falling into his waiting arms.

She kisses him, her lips warm and soft, and presses close to his body in a sweet, promising roll of her hips. Will's breath catches again, and he fights the urge to grab at her, to simply turn her against a wall and kiss her until her cheeks grow as dark as the meat and her eyes are so black he can see himself within them.

She pulls away from him, a blush on her sharp cheekbones, and smiles widely, her hands flattening on his chest. "The rain has stopped," she says happily. "You promised me a walk."

"I did," Will says with a nod. "As long as we are back in time for dinner."

She laughs – a high-pitched, teasing thing, and slaps his chest gently. "I will have you for as long as I desire!" she declares, and tucks her fingers beneath his chin, drawing him in for another kiss before she pulls away, and regards Hannibal with a raised brow. "I'm sure my brother would not mind waiting for us, should we linger."

Will flushes, for he'd quite forgotten Hannibal was there. He finds Hannibal smiling at his sister, and he holds an arm out, pulling her into a loose embrace, his nose to her hair. He breathes in deeply, and his eyes darken, and lift, and he stares at Will in a way that makes Will's stomach tense very suddenly. He imagines Hannibal can smell him on his sister.

Wonders if it pleases or disgusts him more – Will knows Hannibal is very protective of her, and he's still not quite sure he has earned the other man's favor beyond the vague approval that made Will her husband.

Mischa hugs him, and then draws away again, heading for the door. She grabs Will's coat and holds it out, and he takes it from her, shrugging it on, and smiles when she loops one of her small, pale hands around his inner elbow. "Be safe," Hannibal calls, and Mischa grins at him, before she tugs on Will's arm, and they both leave through the front door.

The birds have quieted after the recent rain, and the ground is so slippery Will fears Mischa may fall if he lets go of her, and so he holds an arm around her waist and they walk close together through the trees, to where they grow dense and the air is dark, lingering raindrops falling occasionally on their faces and clothes. It is a cool, humid place, wet enough to almost keep them warm, though he insists Mischa hold her shawl closer around her shoulders to protect her bare skin from the rain.

She smiles at him, her dark lashes falling low over her eyes, and says; "I am so glad you and Hannibal seem to be getting along so well."

"He and I love you very much," Will replies. "I think, if nothing else, we can bond over that."

She laughs. "And I love you both," she says quietly, sighing and smiling up at the canopy of leaves. "I often thought I could never love another man as much as I love my brother, until I met you. I think you and he are quite similar, actually."

"Oh?"

"You are both good, fair, passionate men," she informs him. Will hums in answer, for he cannot deny it. He doesn't know Hannibal well enough to deny it. "I know he loves me dearly, though part of me wishes he would take a wife, and find such happiness as you and I have. But another part of me is rather possessive of his affection. I would never share it with just anyone."

"Not of mine?" Will jokes, and smiles when she grins at him. She looks so lovely, pale and glowing in the darkness, like the moon resides within her skin. She stops them, and turns to stand in front of him, pressing herself close as she did in the house. Will embraces her warmly, leaning down to kiss her with as much passion as he can, now that he need not worry about prying eyes.

"Need I be?" she asks when they part, her brows arching again in that haughty, smug way Will so adores. "Have your eyes been wandering, my love?"

"Never," Will vows. He brushes some of her damp hair from her face, tucks it behind her ear, and cups her neck. "I will never look at another woman the way I look at you."

That seems to please her immensely, and she smiles, biting her lower lip, and her eyes darken until they are blacker than the shadows that surround them. She wraps her fingers in the lapels of his coat and pulls him to her with enough force that she goes stumbling back, colliding with the wet trunk of a tree. Will makes a soft, worried sound of apology, and gasps when she merely deepens their kiss, gives him a lick of her tongue, and her hands slide to the small of his back, pulling him close as her thighs spread.

Will shivers, sucking in a sharp breath, his hand curling in her thick hair and settling at the back of her neck as she kisses him, her chin tilted up to expose her long, pale neck, her chest having with sharp inhales as Will allows her to pull him closer, to grind between her legs and into the bunch and gather of her skirts.

"Mischa," Will breathes, kissing her again, nuzzling her damp hair that smells of vanilla and cinnamon. Heat is rushing down his spine, so-long denied the physical presence of his wife, he aches for her, and feels himself hardening quickly. He knows she can feel it too, as she gasps and looks up at him with wide eyes.

Will swallows, and pulls back. "Forgive me -."

"Will," she snaps, and grabs him by his neck, her blunt nails sinking into his skin. "There is nothing to forgive, my love. I want you." Will swallows, his eyes closing as she drags him back against her, hitches one leg around his waist and compels him to hold her up by the thigh, so she doesn't fall. He has only lain with one woman before her, many years ago, and knows the temptation of the slick, heated tightness that waits for him inside her, but their first time should not be in the middle of the Goddamn woods.

Her hands move, raking across his shoulders, and she gasps and he falls against her, lifting her against the tree and raising his head so they can kiss, her hands sliding into his hair and holding him tightly. "Please," she whispers, as ragged and wanting as Will has ever heard her. "Please, my love, I feel so empty."

"We can go back to the house -."

"Don't make me wait," she demands, so much fiercer and more assured than any other woman Will has known. One of her hands releases Will's hair, reaches between the damp, hot space between their bodies and hikes up her skirts, lifting them so that they reveal her legs, her pale thighs, gathering and pushed aside around her hips. Then, her hand slides to his pants, beneath the waistband. Her fingers are cold, but grip him tightly, and Will moans against her neck.

She pulls him out, brings the head of his cock against her, and Will growls when he realizes she isn't wearing anything under her dress. Her flesh is slick and warm, her thighs wet as she drags his leaking cockhead between her legs.

"Mischa," he whispers again, clenches his eyes shut and buries his face in her neck. "Are you sure?"

In answer, she bites him, swift and sharp over his pulse, and Will moans, hips snapping forward. She uses the momentum and the sudden movement to place him at her entrance, and

he sinks in. She is so wet, so hot on the inside, and lets out a high-pitched, sated sound as his hands fly to her hips, fingers clenching in her skirts and flesh, and sinks into her as deeply as he can.

She tightens around him further, suffocating him like her hand might, and Will pants against her neck, thighs and spine quivering with the need to stay still and give her a moment to adjust. He has heard terrible things about women during their first time, and he doesn't want to hurt her.

She wraps her legs around his hips, tightens them, and draws him in.

Her hands claw at his shoulders, she lets go of his cock and grips his hair savagely, tugging him upright, and kisses him. "Please, my love," she whispers, and she's smiling, and doesn't look like she's in any pain. The tree must be terrible against her back, and he's sure the position isn't comfortable, but she smiles at him like he has just made her the happiest woman in the world.

Will holds her fast, widens his stance, and eases himself back, then deeper into her, feeling her wet, soft flesh parting around his cock, clamping down and giving to him in equal measure. He kisses her, though he is too breathless to make it last, and groans when she tugs on his hair, digs her nails into his back, and moans sweet and soft against his mouth.

Will shivers as she tightens around him again, moves his hands and curls his arms behind her knees, folding her more sharply against the tree as he grips her lower back and uses the new handhold to get deeper inside her. She gasps, her brow creasing, mouth parting around a sharp, desperate noise, and tilts her head back, moaning as he starts a rhythm inside her, fucks a flush to her beautiful face and spreading down her pale neck, her collarbones and chest.

He leans in and nuzzles at her neck, parts his lips and sucks wet and warm in a kiss over her pulse. She likes that – she clenches up and her legs tremble around him when he does it, so he finds a new patch of unmarked skin and does it again.

He thinks about Hannibal seeing the marks Will left on his sister, and his stomach tenses up so fiercely he has to stop, lest this end far too soon. He doesn't have time to think about the reaction, for Mischa lifts her head and pulls him into a kiss, both hands in his hair, her hips rutting desperately against him, seeking his return to motion.

Will kisses her, and gasps; "Do you know what you like?" Because she seems like the kind of woman who does, even though she has never married and, to Will's knowledge, never been with a man.

She blinks at him, and smiles, in the same way Hannibal does when Will does or says something he approves of. Her eyes move, searching, and flash with delight.

"Let me down," she says, and Will obeys, shivering when he slips out of her slick heat. She takes his hands and pulls him to another tree, this one fallen and lying at an angle. She sits upon it, spreading her legs again, leaning forward to gather her skirts and slide them, tempting and sensual as she always is, up her legs, once again revealing herself to him. She is

so beautiful, looks like a forest nymph, or some goddess that has looked upon Will and deemed him worthy of trying to please her.

Will goes to her when she lifts her chin, cups her face and kisses her deeply, as she pulls him between her thighs and sighs when he pushes into her again. She leans back, one hand in her own hair, the other falling to between her legs and rubbing, firm, against her red, slick flesh.

Will pulls back, wanting to watch, wanting to know how to touch her to make her shiver and moan like that. She parts herself with her fingers, lets Will see where his cock is buried inside her, coated and shining with her slick, and she rubs in gentle circles just shy of her entrance, where there is a small, pinkish, sensitive place, that would be kept hidden except she is spreading herself so wide.

Will licks his thumb and lowers it, brushing over her clitoris in a gentle swipe, and she gasps, and tightens up around him so fiercely she almost forces his cock out of her. She tosses her head back, hair falling in thick waves down her chest and pooling around her neck, entire body heaving as Will cups her hips and lifts her to an angle the other woman seemed to like.

She moans, loud enough to silence any creatures that might be nearby in their own mating calls, and stares up at him as he thrusts into her, timing the swipes of his thumb with the rhythm he sets with his hips. He learns what makes her tighten, what makes her thighs tremble, and she lifts her legs, her ankles tucked around his neck, and he feels her feet flex, toes curling through his hair.

He smiles down at her, and turns his head to kiss the inside of her tense calf, as her body starts to shake and spasm in earnest. He moves his thumb faster, circles and then swipes to keep the sensation as high as possible, and she's breathing so heavily now – it causes a deep, visceral satisfaction in Will, to know he's pleasing her so well.

"Will," she gasps, and grabs his wrist, begging him not to stop but subtly angling him so that his thumb rubs just shy of her clitoris, his finger traps it from above, and she rolls her hips to get his cock to sink more firmly inside of her. "Oh, *yes*, don't – don't stop, Will, *please*."

Will would never be so cruel. He leans down, pushing one of her legs to around his waist, cups her sweaty neck and kisses over her pulse in that way that makes her spasm around him, and fucks deep, hard, jolting her against the tree. She cries out and claws at his lower back, clings to him, and then goes utterly still, and utterly silent.

She comes with a sweet cry, and Will immediately gentles his touch on her, though he doesn't pull away, merely rubs his finger around the edges of her clitoris to keep her shaking as he slows his cock inside her. Her inner muscles squeeze him so fiercely he knows if he gives even an inch, he will be forced out completely, and he'll be damned before he loses any second of this sensation – the deep, warm pleasure of feeling his wife cling to him with every part of her.

She collapses with a groan, pawing at his hair, her breaths coming frantic and fast. Will kisses her panting mouth, smiles and gives a soft laugh when she bites his lower lip and growls at him. He slides a hand to her neck, gently cupping so he can feel how her heart is racing, and nuzzles beneath her ear.

"Have I pleased you?"

She nods, her lips twitching in a smile. Her legs lift, tired and heavy, and her heels lock behind his spine. He sinks into her with another soft groan, free hand flying to the tree and nails digging into the bark as the action earns another sweet spasm of her soaked, hot flesh.

"Pleased, yes, but not satisfied," she replies with a laugh, petting gently through his hair, nails scratching at the nape of his neck. "I am still empty, my love."

Will shivers, spine flexing as she tugs on his hair. He kisses her deeply, plants his hands at the backs of her knees and folds her until her calves cradle his neck again, until every thrust at this angle makes her spasm up sharply around him.

Her eyes are black, her cheeks red as wine, and she kisses him again, lets him rest his forehead against her heart as he moves inside her, slow, dragging, letting his orgasm come by the teeth. He licks between her breasts, tastes her sweat and his own scent clinging, undeniably, to her skin.

He thinks about Hannibal smelling Will on her later, and the heat coiled in his belly abruptly goes loose. He grits his teeth, clenches his eyes tightly shut, and pushes as deep into her as he can. Holds still, and then finishes with a soft cry he muffles against her neck, entire body arching as though trying to melt into her as he spills, slick and hot, and soaks her insides until he can feel it leaking back out of her around his cock.

He gasps, and tries to pull out, but she laughs and wraps her legs around him tightly, since he has no strength to fight her, and lifts her hips, rutting them slick and warm together.

"No," she purrs, and tucks his sweaty hair behind his ears. "Not yet."

Will winces, so sensitive as she clenches around him, unable to pull out because of the grip of her legs around his waist. "Mischa," he breathes, and looks down at her with nothing short of awe, wrecked from the core as she smiles at him again.

She giggles, and even that is torture on his sensitive flesh. "I want our child to have your eyes," she says, thumbing over his warm cheek. "Your eyes, but my hair."

Will smiles, and leans down to kiss her, and she finally releases him after, letting him step back and pull out of her. He gasps at the sight of his come, white and gushing from her sweet, red flesh, and takes only a moment to tuck himself back into his clothes before he has returned to his place between her thighs, and reaches down, gathering what has dripped on his fingers.

She is watching him with dark eyes, and wets her lips. She says nothing, but shivers and smiles when Will scoops it back up, and eases it back inside her. She closes her legs, then, and Will helps her to her feet, noting with no small amount of pleasure that she seems quite unsteady at first.

She stinks of sex, of him, and he is sure he is no better. He kisses her, wraps his fingers in her hair, and wonders if Hannibal will smell it on her later, when they embrace. He hopes he

does. His stomach goes tense again, and his heart flutters in a way that cannot be entirely blamed on Mischa's kiss, when she rises to her toes, and their lips meet passionately.

"That was wonderful," she says, sighing happily. It is a good thing her dress is so dark, for Will is sure any other color would show the wet stain upon it far too easily. "Just as I imagined it would be."

Will smiles, pleased and proud to have satisfied her so.

"Merely ask it of me, whenever you wish it; I am a slave to your happiness," he replies.

She laughs, and hits him playfully on the chest, before she takes his hand and laces their fingers. "Come, we must return home. It was said in jest, but I do not like the idea of keeping my dear brother waiting for us."

Will swallows, and thinks of Hannibal seeing them, soaked and dirty and so obviously ruffled, and doesn't care to examine the heat that blooms in him too closely.

Chapter 2

Will grows nervous as the tall, spear-like ridges of Lecter manor come into view, his fingers laced through Mischa's as they navigate the slippery, sunken earth and wet mud and make their way to the front door. He knows, he knows Hannibal will be able to smell Will on his wife, will know exactly what they did – even his own average sense of smell can pick up on the cling of Mischa's perfume etched deep into his clothes, the wet musk of shed bark against the back of her dress – even, the thought sending his stomach into a curious flutter of pleasure, the scent of Will's seed as it leaks out of her, salty and warm.

Still, Mischa seems to care about none of it. She strides confidently into the manor, every inch of her the Lady of the house and queen of all she surveys, and she hangs her shawl and wraps her hair in a loose twist, pulling it forward to one side of her neck. Will breathes in, memories of how she shivered when he kissed her, the lingering cling of her sweet thighs and grasping nails flooding his senses as he looks at her. God above, she is beautiful. It is a wonder men do not simply fall to their knees at the sight of her.

There sits, in the air, the scent of that roasting meat Hannibal would not identify to Will, accompanied with the saccharine high notes of plums and dried figs, of cherries and honey-coated bread that make Will think of Thanksgiving dinners when his father was still alive. To call Hannibal a merely capable cook would be an insult to him – he is an artist. Every meal he has prepared for the three of them puts to shame every grand banquet and feast Will partook in, back in America.

Mischa smiles at him, and his attention is caught by her once again, as she takes his hands and kisses his curling knuckles. "I will be back down in a moment," she promises, and Will nods, smiling when she tilts her chin up and lets their foreheads rest together. This, too, is true – the Lecter siblings are a tactile pair, and during their courtship Mischa often nuzzled him in this way, petting his shoulders and arms, blushing whenever he kissed her cheek or dared to touch his lips to hers in public, no matter how scandalous the act might be. Europeans are both far more demure and far more open with their affections. At least, Mischa is.

"Alright," he says instead of anything else, and she smiles and kisses him, as chaste as if they were remaking their vows at the altar and she were still the blushing virgin bride. She lets his hands go, and parts from him with one more kiss, turning and walking up the stairs. The way she moves, as if the very air wants to cling to her and kiss her, makes Will feel warm all over again.

He swallows, and startles when, behind him, he hears Hannibal clear his throat. He flushes deeply as he turns, and the man's dark eyes rake him up and down, his brows lifted and his head tilted just so. Will is sure he knows exactly what they did out in the woods, and it is not quite shame he feels – uncouth though it might be, Mischa is his wife, and she is the one who asked for it. No, the emotion is something slightly more jagged, something that purrs and preens and wants to say, 'See? She wants me. I can satisfy her'.

It is almost vindication, almost pride. He swallows and shifts his weight beneath the heaviness of Hannibal's stare.

Then, Hannibal smiles. "You have a leaf in your hair," he says, and Will's blush darkens, and he paws at his hair, finding that there is, indeed, a single, wet, brown leaf wedged within his curls. He clears his throat and lets it drop. "It seems there will be no need for me to speak to my sister after all."

Will doesn't know what to say to that, except to insist; "I didn't force myself on her."

"I never said you did," Hannibal replies. He steps back, and gestures for Will to follow him. "Would you mind helping me with the drinks?"

Will nods, and Hannibal leads the way into the dining room. There are three places set – the head of the table, which will remain Hannibal's until he dies, and then one on either side. Mischa sits on his left, and Will on his right, and Will knows enough about the politics of place settings to know that it's meant to mean something, but he's not aware enough of social graces to know what, exactly, it is. All he remembers, the first time he took is seat, is the way Mischa smiled at him from across the table, and how her delicate foot had teased against the outside of his knee throughout the meal.

He follows Hannibal to a large wooden cabinet, and stands still as Hannibal opens it, revealing a wide array of dark bottles – wine, whiskey Will brought from America, port, as well as special brews that Mischa told Will he makes from the fruits that grow in their garden.

He takes one such brew, a label on it with a word in Lithuanian Will doesn't recognize, and Will goes to the cabinet on the side, where there is such a hoard of various glasses, champagne flutes, and tumblers that he gasped when he first saw it. Still, he has lived here long enough now to know which glass suits which drink, and he takes out three of the large-bowled wine glasses, setting them at the corner of each place setting.

Hannibal gives him an approving smile, and opens the bottle, pouring it into a decanter to allow it to breathe. He sets it by the side of his place setting, and Will follows him to the kitchen to pour them all glasses of water, as well as a pitcher for refills, and they carry them back out as well.

"Please, have a seat," Hannibal says, gesturing to Will's normal chair. "I can take it from here."

Will nods, and sits, and as Hannibal leaves, Mischa enters. She is wearing the same dress, but now has a thin, lace-lined cover that spreads across her shoulders and down her arms in wide sleeves. Her hair has been pulled up, leaving loose strands framing her face and her pale neck. Will stands as she enters, for it's rude not to when a lady is still on her feet, and she smiles at him and goes to her seat opposite, and Will sits again when she does.

"Would you like some wine?" he offers, gesturing to the bottle. She nods, and Will stands, taking the decanter and circling the table, so he can stand by her as he fills her glass. She tilts

her head up, lashes low, and makes a gentle humming sound, a throaty thing that makes Will shiver, and then startle as he feels her hand curl around the back of his thigh, and slide up.

"Mischa," he gasps, scolding, narrowly avoiding getting the dark wine on her shawl, and sets her glass down, flushing when she laughs. He steps away from her and sets the decanter back down, returning to his seat.

She claps her hands together in glee, setting her elbows on the table and leaning forward. The ring Will gave her, inherited from his grandmother, shines in the soft light, the sparkling diamond circled with rubies that seem to grow darker the closer they get to her eyes. "You are as skittish as a colt, my love," she teases.

Will huffs, biting his lower lip. "Forgive me."

"What's there to forgive? I find it fascinating," she murmurs, her smile widening. Then, she sobers, and her head tilts. "Truthfully, though, are you alright? You seem…" Her eyes move to his hands, then back up to his face, as she searches for the right word; "Subdued."

"I suppose I'm simply caught off guard," Will replies. "I didn't expect…"

She smiles, straightening in her seat. "My brother says we are all, at our heart, animals," she says brightly. "No matter how much finery and how delicate our sense of taste. As such, we should not be ashamed of doing whatever it is that pleases us."

Will shivers at the words. "And did it please you, for our first time to be in the woods?"

Mischa stares at him, the same way Hannibal does – calculating, purring, a cat with its big-pupiled eyes and twitching tail set upon a mouse. Her head tilts, her nostrils flare ever so slightly, as if she is scenting the air.

"Are you unhappy with me?"

"What?" Will replies quickly, frowning, and shakes his head. "Of course not. I could never be."

She hums. "I detest the structured implications of a marriage bed," she says, and Will blinks at her, pressing his lips together. "That we must go about our day without even a touch or kiss, and that the woman will give an accepting smile and allow her husband between her legs for however long it takes him to finish, and then leave her alone." Will swallows, his throat tight, a small yet sharp flare of something similarly outraged blossoming behind his heart. Is that what she thought he would do, if they did things the proper way?

"I would never -."

"I know," she says with a gentle smile, reaching across the table and taking his hand in a soft grip. "But you would have not come to me otherwise, would you?" Will swallows again, and sighs, for he must admit she was right. She squeezes his hand, and straightens again. "Oh, do not look so sad! I'm not unhappy, my love – in fact, I am the most happy I have been in a long while."

"I must ask," Will murmurs, too-aware of the open, dark doorway that leads to the kitchen, too aware of the fact that, at any moment, Hannibal may return, and their opportunity to discuss this may be lost; "Do you intend to keep…taking me by surprise?"

"You may surprise me, if you think yourself capable," she says with another teasing smile. "I simply mean that we should not be restrained to the twilight hour where 'refined' people lay with each other. I refuse to allow it; I should be able to kiss and touch my husband freely, don't you agree?"

Will huffs a laugh, and nods.

"Forgive me," he says again. "I didn't know you felt this way – there are too many stories in my childhood, in my country, where the acts performed in a marriage bed were framed more as obligations, as duties," he adds, when she frowns and tilts her head at the word, "that a woman must submit to for the satisfaction of her husband. I had no desire to force you into that."

She looks thoughtful, her lips pursing, full and still a very subtly darker shade of pink than normal, from Will's kisses. "Well," she finally says, "I think we can safely say that there is no question of 'force' now, is there?"

He smiles, and shakes his head. "No," he replies. "As I said before – simply ask it of me. I am yours to command."

"Mm." Mischa leans on the table again, her eyelids heavy and dark lashes low, her smile wide and an almost perfect mimic of her brother's. She reaches for his hand again, and that is how Hannibal finds them as he returns, a plate in each hand and a third balanced carefully upon his forearm. They pull apart, and he sets Mischa's plate down first. As he places Will's and his own before them, Will gathers their glasses, and pours them both wine.

Hannibal smiles at him. "Thank you, Will," he says, and takes his seat. On each of their plates are three thin slices of the roast, splayed out like half a butterfly wing to accommodate the bone that once speared the middle. The innards of each cut are a lovely, delicate pink, the outside crusted with flour and plum-scented, gelatin-like flakes. Inside the semi-circle of meat is a small scoop of rice, richly dotted with tiny pieces of grape leaves, figs, and dried apricots, and there is a neat and graceful arc of dark purple sauce that centers on the mound of rice and arcs out in a spiral, to the edge of each plate.

"Oh, this looks delicious, Hannibal," Mischa says warmly, and Will nods, echoing the sentiment with a soft hum. Hannibal smiles at his sister, and gives her a gracious nod of his head, accepting the compliment with ease.

Will waits until Mischa starts to eat, because the first time they all ate together, Hannibal did the same, and if nothing else he is certain he can win Hannibal's fondness through mimicry. The meat is so soft and slick with fat that it melts upon his tongue, the fruit glaze and those dotted through the rice a sweet counterpoint to the almost bourbon-like smokiness of the sauce.

He sighs in pleasure, and takes a drink of wine, finds that Hannibal has chosen one of his concoctions that complement the meat – a wine so red it is almost black, that swells within his mouth with the flavor of plums almost too ripe, just on the edge of unbearably sweet. It's good, and he takes another sip, before he sets his glass down and continues with his meal.

He tenses, but manages not to jump in place, when he feels Mischa's bare toes slide up his shin. She continues to eat as though nothing is amiss, and Hannibal as well, the three of them used to companionable silences while they enjoy their meal. Mischa's toes curl around his kneecap, and Will swallows harshly, loudly, as her other foot comes forward, traps his calf within the arch, and she tugs his leg out to straighten beneath the table.

He shoots her a warning look, but she does nothing but smile into her glass of wine. Her foot slides up, teasing the muscle of his thigh with her bare toes, and presses against the bulge of his cock through his trousers. He tenses further, determined not to let his reaction show, but cannot help the way his hips flex and rise, aching for more pressure. The memory of her slick, warm flesh is far too new for him to think of anything else.

"I think," Mischa says after a moment, "we should all go hunting together, tomorrow. If the weather suits."

Hannibal's brows lift, his lips curling into a warm, approving smile. "I have seen my share of deer daring to encroach on our land again," he says in reply. "There is one such that has caught my eye. A young buck, freshly horned."

Will shivers, and bites his lower lip as the siblings turn their dark eyes on him. "I've never hunted before," he says weakly, flushing as Mischa's foot continues to press and tease gently against his cock. "You will have to show me how."

Mischa smiles at him, her expression soft with affection and approval. She smiles at him the same way Hannibal does. "We can show you how," she promises, and emphasizes her words with another soft press of the arch of her foot against Will's thigh, coaxing his legs to spread. His knee touches Hannibal's, and Will jumps, trying to close his legs, his blush darkening when Hannibal gives him a curious look.

Mischa giggles, but mercifully withdraws. She finishes her glass of wine and stretches in her seat, brushing her hair back from her neck. "Well, gentlemen, I confess I am quite tired, and will be going to bed."

Will stands as she does, Hannibal following suit much more gracefully than he managed. Will flushes, knowing his burgeoning erection is likely quite noticeable in the front of his pants, and he grips his cloth napkin and holds it at an angle which, hopefully, hides it from Hannibal's sharp eyes. Mischa circles the table with a smile, first giving Hannibal a kiss on the cheek, and then Will. Will turns to her, cups her face and kisses her full mouth, inwardly proud when he makes her gasp and arch against him. When she pulls back, her cheeks are flushed, her dark eyes shining.

She nods to her brother, and gathers the sleeves of her shawl close to her. "Goodnight," she says happily, and strides from the room. Will cannot help watching her go, his throat tight and his stomach warm with the need to give chase.

His thoughts are interrupted at Hannibal's low laugh. "Shall I be clearing the dishes by myself?" he asks, and Will looks at him, finds his smile wide and amused, knowing. He clears his throat and shakes his head – he meant what he said; Mischa need merely ask for him to go to her, and he will, but she did not ask, and Will would not dare leave his brother-in-law with all this to clean up without at least offering to help.

"Of course not," he rasps in reply, and Hannibal's approving smile helps to cool the otherwise sharp edge of hunger that would sooner see him in his wife's bed. He helps Hannibal gather the plates, and takes the glasses, following Hannibal back to the kitchen. Hannibal sets everything down on one side of the sink and turns the faucet on, letting it run.

Then, he pauses, and reaches out to steady himself. Will lets out a low sound of concern. "Forgive me," Hannibal says, looking perturbed at his own actions. "I find myself suddenly quite light-headed."

Will frowns, and before he can think better of it, he presses the back of his hand to Hannibal's forehead. "You don't feel warm," he murmurs, and checks Hannibal's cheeks, and below his jaw where the throat has been known to swell during a fever. Hannibal eyes him like Will is a curious bug that has found itself upon his lap, but seems content to stand still while Will checks him over. "Do you feel warm?"

"No," Hannibal replies.

"You should go rest," Will insists – the climate is severe in these parts, and though he knows Hannibal has always seemed unwavering in both health and mental prowess, he is a man like any other, and capable of becoming ill. "I'll take care of the dishes. Please."

Hannibal regards him, head tilted a fraction, before he sighs as though resigned. "Perhaps that would be best," he admits, and Will smiles at him, letting his hands drop. His knuckles feel warm from Hannibal's skin, and his fingers curl. "Thank you, Will – I do apologize for leaving you all this mess."

"It's no trouble," Will replies, shaking his head. "I can handle it. Please, go rest."

Hannibal smiles at him, and Will goes still as one of his hands settle on Will's shoulder, a little too high for a purely platonic, brotherly touch. It feels nice, certainly, for Hannibal's grip is steady, firm, and his touch is warm, but it merely causes that confusing heat to flutter in Will's belly all over again, especially when Hannibal smiles at him like that.

Hannibal squeezes, gently, just for a moment, and then he lets Will go and leaves the kitchen, Will alone within it. He truly doesn't mind, and turns the faucet off as the sink grows full. There is a small dish of soap next to the side of it, and he wets a sponge and rubs it through the soap, until it begins to froth. He pushes his sleeves up to his elbows and sets about cleaning the fine plates and delicate glasses until they shimmer in the low light.

He pauses, frowning, and looks at the table behind him. It is still quite red, and could do with a thorough washing as well. Decided, he scoops up some of the brown-tinged water into a smaller bucket and carries it over, pressing the sponge deep into the wood and washing it

clean. He cannot quite convince it to turn back to whatever color it originally was, for the blood has dried and has stained it deeply, but once it, too, gleams, he is satisfied.

He returns the contents of the bucket to the sink, and unstops it so that it can drain. He dries off his hands, and considers the dishes. He knows where the glasses must be returned to, and so he does that, but is at a loss of where the plates and silverware are meant to go. He checks the drawers of the glass cabinet, but finds nothing hinting that the three sets they used should join their cousins. He checks the drawers and cabinets of the kitchen, and finds nothing.

He huffs in frustration. If he were to leave them, he doubts Hannibal would complain, but he so hates leaving a task half-finished. His eyes slide to the pantry door – no, they certainly did not go there – and then to the door next to it. He goes to it, opens it, and smiles in victory when he sees stacks of plates neatly placed on shelves above his head. He returns the used plates there. The silverware, he still has not found a home for, and so he closes the door.

He opens the pantry again, for he is at a loss of where else these things might go. The dark, humid air seems to wrap around him, coaxing him in, but he cannot see any knives, forks, or spoons. He closes the door with a huff.

He looks around again, his eyes alighting on the wall of knives and cooking pots. Oh – of course, there! Right in front of his eyes. He smiles to himself, and gathers the used silverware, placing them within a single wooden box on the counter beneath a row of particularly savage-looking knives. The sight of them makes him shiver, for they seem almost alive, the whisper of air making them sing a thirsty song for blood.

He sighs to himself, turning away – his imagination will get the best of him one of these days. He spies, sitting on the other side of the sink, the jar of plum jelly Hannibal bade him fetch. He takes it and returns to the pantry, set to place it upon the shelf where it belongs, but he stumbles, and goes crashing against one of the shelves, and the jar falls from his hands and tumbles to the floor.

He curses, but does not hear the glass shatter – small mercies. He bends down to pick it up, searching in semi-darkness, half-blind, and finds it. But that is not all he finds.

The shelf has moved, slid forward just an inch on an angle, and beneath its leg Will can feel a small divot that is out of place amidst the smooth wood. He frowns, and sets the jar back in its place, feeling around the edges of the shelf. It seems much shallower than he would expect, and he gives it an experimental pull, wincing at the sound of wood sliding against stone with a low, unearthly groan.

Still, it goes, and Will is able to step back. He sees, beyond the shelf and set into the floor, a small hatch, recognizable and barely visible for the way the heavy iron bolt gleams in the light coming from the kitchen. He hesitates, looking back out to the other room, but neither hears nor sees Hannibal or Mischa.

Well, if his imagination doesn't kill him, his curiosity might as well.

He bends down, tugging on the bolt. It slides open easily, oiled and smooth, and he lifts the hatch with a grunt, revealing the topmost of a set of stairs. The room below is utterly black,

and he tuts to himself.

He hurries to the dining room, where there is a lamp still sitting in the center of where they three sat. It's lit, and he takes it, opening the little valve that will allow the flame to burn brighter, and he returns to the pantry, and makes his way down the stairs. Immediately he is overcome with a terrible chill, and the pervasive scent of cold meat and old blood. His nose wrinkles, and he wonders why Hannibal would hide the entrance to the place where he and Mischa keep their quarry from their hunts.

Come to think of it, he cannot remember when Hannibal said he was last going out hunting, and yet their meat always seems fresh. Perhaps the cold keeps it so. He hums, and carefully navigates the steps – they are stone, and dry, well-worn beneath his feet, so he must be careful not to slip. There are just over twenty of them, and he reaches the bottom, shivering in the cold, and lifts his lamp so that he can see better.

Yes, this is definitely where Hannibal keeps the meat. He catches the silhouettes and shining hides of pigs, and deer, their muscles red and glistening as though fresh, their bones exposed at the ankles and necks. They are all suspended from large metal hooks set into the ceiling, the floor richly painted with old bloodstains from them being drained and prepared to eat.

Will swallows – he has a strong stomach, but the smell is quite awful.

Then he hears movement. A clinking, that the dead animals and windless room cannot explain. His heart stills in his chest, for he has heard many stories, mostly told by his friends back in America, of old haunted castles in Europe, monsters that predate man who feast on flesh and live in shadows. Flights of fancy, he would call them, but some of them followed him here in his dreams.

Still, he tells himself, surely Mischa or Hannibal would mention if a monster lived in their cellars. Even if it was in jest.

He swallows, and creeps between the hanging carcasses, towards the sound. His light shines on the edge of another pool of blood, only this one is still wet and slowly growing. Eyes wide with horror, Will lifts his gaze to see a man, hanging from one of the hooks. His hands have been bound, and his feet dangle an inch off the floor. One of his legs is missing. He has blood at his temple, and deep gashes at his remaining ankle and his wrists, blood pouring down from them to drain into the floor.

The man's lashes flutter when Will's light shines upon him, and he thrashes, screaming in Lithuanian. Will winces, and tries to shush him, but the man will not be silenced. "Be quiet!" he hisses, and still the man screams. Will fears Hannibal might hear him, and wonder who has invaded his sanctuary of death and bone. Or, worse, Mischa, and she will see what her brother has done. Will could not bear that.

The man is still screaming, and so with a snarl, Will reaches and wraps a hand around his throat. It is difficult with one hand to choke the life from a man, harder still with him thrashing so much, but the man is in no condition to fight him, and he sputters, wide-eyed and staring at Will, until his eyes roll back in his head and he goes limp again.

Will grimaces, wiping his bloody hand on the man's bare chest. Then, he looks down at it, and his fingers curl, eyes widening in horror. "Oh God," he whispers, and runs a hand through his hair – realizes too late that there is still enough blood on him to wet it down. He flinches from his own touch, panting, and flees the room.

He stumbles up and out of the cellar, slamming and bolting the hatch behind him and shoving the shelf back into place so that there is no evidence he was there. His hands are shaking, and he moves on autopilot to, first, replace the lamp on the dining room table, and then he returns to the kitchen, viciously scrubbing at his hands and wetting his hair in the hope that it will rid him of the blood.

Then, he braces himself on the edge of the counter, and lets out a shaky breath. "Oh my God," he whispers. There was a man, a *living* man, kept in the cellars, hung up and left to bleed out like a stuck pig. He heaves, realizing that, yes, there had been carcasses there that were certainly animals, unmistakable for the curve of their spine and placement of their legs, but he cannot honestly say that *all* of them were, once, wild and four-legged.

He thinks of the teasing light in Hannibal's eyes, the way he had playfully asked for Will to guess what kind of meat he was bringing to their table. Will swallows, breathing in sharply. Human. Hannibal eats his fellow man – not only that, but Will thinks it impossible he has not been serving it to Mischa, and Will as well.

He has to get her out of here. She cannot possibly know how terrible a monster her brother is – she would not believe Will, would insist on seeing it for herself, and who knows what would happen if Hannibal suspected either of them. Will would fight to the death to defend his wife, but he could never break her heart by killing her brother.

Hannibal, he senses, would have no such qualms. And he could do it in secret, in the middle of the night – tell Mischa that Will left and then laugh at her while she ate pieces of Will's meat, shrouded in a widow's veil. No, no, he could not possibly do that to her.

Perhaps he can convince her to come on a trip with him, and once she was safe, call for the police and bring enough men that Hannibal could not possibly run.

But first, he has to get her out of here.

Decided, he steels himself, keeping his senses sharp and alert for any sign of the other man, as he hurries up to the second floor. The guest bedrooms are to the right of the stairs, the Lecter siblings' quarters to the left, and he hurries down the large, wide hallway, adorned with silent suits of armor, glaring portraits of their ancestors, statues and art the likes of which Will had never seen outside of museums before taking up residence here.

He is almost to Mischa's door when he hears it – a soft, high-pitched moan, utterly familiar for how they spent the afternoon. Will freezes, swallowing harshly, and creeps closer. It came from her room. Her door is made of thick, strong wood, and there is a small piece at eye level

carved out of it, grated so that no one can simply reach through and unlock it, but wide enough that he can peer inside.

He has never seen the inside of Mischa's room, and even now he is afforded but a small glimpse of it – he sees the end of her bed, a carriage-horse view that is narrow and almost focused on it, as if tempting a peeping Tom to have a look at her while she sleeps. The bedsheets are a soft, burned gold color, the frame of the bed dark and intricately carved wood, depicting sea monsters and mermaids.

He sees her, splayed out like a fallen angel, her head at the foot of the bed and hanging back, her black hair like a waterfall, pooling on the stone floor. She is naked, her pale shoulders and breasts, her stomach, her spread thighs displayed like an offering for his eyes.

She is beautiful, her face twisted into an ecstatic cry, her eyes closed and lashes fluttering as she pants. But that is not the sight that robs him for breath. Mischa is not alone.

Dark, tan hands splay out wide on her thighs, the man kneeling between her legs recognizable by his ashen hair, which is currently being held in her fierce, dainty grip. The man's shoulders are broad, his arched back thick with muscle like a heaving bull. Will watches, gasping, as Mischa cries out and arches against the man, a chorus of needy whines and soft, breathless moans coming from her as her thighs tremble in a way now recognizable to Will.

Though Will knows exactly who the man is, it doesn't seem real until she calls, "Hannibal!"

Will freezes all over again.

Hannibal lifts his head, his mouth shining with slick, and he smiles at her like a cobra about to strike, rears over her and pushes his body between her legs as he cups her neck and lifts her into a kiss. She moans, clinging to him, her nails raking over his strong shoulders. Will cannot see what his other hand is doing, but he guesses she likes it – she is still quaking, gasping her pleasure to the high ceilings.

Their kiss ends, and Hannibal rears over her, every inch of him the kind of man that old poets and bards would weave epics about. His chest is covered in a thick matt of hair – Will's fingers curl upon seeing it. His stomach, hips, thighs are thick, age and power and strength in every line of him. Will feels a shiver run down his spine and doesn't know what emotion causes it.

And then he sees Hannibal's cock. It's uncut, unlike his, and leaks a thick, pearlescent drip down onto Mischa's stomach. It seems huge against her dainty body, within one of her small hands. Hannibal smiles, and leans over her again.

"I can taste him inside you, darling," he purrs, loud enough that Will can hear it. Will covers his mouth with his hand – the hand that still smells of blood though that must be his imagination, he was so thorough. Hannibal's voice is a snarl unlike he's ever heard, bestial and rough. Will's stomach clenches. "I think I will have to insist you let him breed you every night, before I arrive."

Mischa laughs, breathlessly, letting her head fall back. She hums, and slides her hands over her breasts, pinching her pink nipples until they harden, and she can play with them. "He is very sweet, isn't he?" she purrs. Will swallows harshly. "So eager to please."

Hannibal smiles, and leans down to cup her neck and kiss her again. "I trust he pleased you, my love?" he murmurs, reaching down with his free hand to touch between her legs. She shivers again, moaning wantonly against his mouth.

"Yes," she breathes, and Will shivers again, for she sounds just as desperate as she did out in the woods. Despite himself, the sound of her so clearly wanting stirs something in him, something that makes him reach down to touch his cock before he can think better of it.

And then Hannibal smiles, and pulls back, touches his own leaking erection and slides it between her legs. Will knows the instant he penetrates her, for she arches her back and lets out a high-pitched, frantic sound, like a wolf calling for her mate. Will gasps against his palm, his hand tightening around his own cock, as he watches Hannibal push all the way into her, cover her like a beast mounting its mate. He's brutal, and fast – clearly this is not the first time they've done this – and her moans are so loud they deafen Will.

He kisses her, to silence her, and she grips his hair, his shoulders, so tightly, wrapping her slim legs around his waist as he fucks her. The bed creaks beneath them and Hannibal is making sounds, too – low, rough things that do nothing but fan the fire growing in Will's stomach.

Oh God. This is wrong – this is so wrong. Watching his wife be mounted by her brother, her brother who kills and eats his fellow man – Christ. But he can't look away, he cannot bring himself to move. His hand slips below the waistband of his pants of its own accord, wrapping around himself, and he's hard – he's achingly hard, leaking at the tip of his cock, and can do nothing but lean against the door and muffle his groans as he watches them move together.

They are beautiful – both of them, he realizes, for he is admiring Hannibal just as much as enjoying Mischa's sounds. Hannibal is wild, rough, so different from the refined and controlled man Will is used to interacting with – he fucks Mischa like his life depends on her pleasure, wringing such sweet noises from her open mouth. Her cheeks and chest are flushed, her entire body jerking with the power of his thrusts.

Then, Hannibal stills, and pulls out of her. He is so strong that he can lift and turn her easily, and puts her on all fours, sliding back home inside her as she shrieks and grips the edge of the bed, braced on her elbows and knees. Her breasts hang and she cups one of them, collapsing to her chest as Hannibal grips her hips and fucks her brutally from behind.

He prowls over her, completely smothering her smaller frame as she trembles and tries to bear his weight. Will gasps, gritting his teeth, and cannot help wonder what it feels like to be pinned under that much power, spread and bred like a broodmare. He cannot help wonder, as Hannibal mouths at her neck and bares his savage teeth, what it would feel like to be bitten by a creature that eagerly feasts on human flesh. What must it be like, a traitorous part of him thinks, to share your bed with such a monster?

Hannibal reaches beneath her, smooths his hand between her legs, and Mischa tenses up and gives another soft, aching cry, her face contorted into an expression of ecstasy as he makes her come a second time. Will groans into his palm, sweating now as he touches himself, grips his cock hard and strokes as tight and fast as he dares. His knees feel weak, like he's the one being forced to the bed. His breath is too hot on his face.

Then, Hannibal smiles, and plants both hands on the bed on either side of Mischa's shoulders. He nuzzles her wild, dark hair, breathes out shakily, and looks up. Looks Will right in his eyes, and his smile is wide, proud.

See? It seems to say. *I can please her too.*

"Hannibal," she gasps, reaching back and pawing at his knee. "Hannibal, please." Hannibal's lashes flutter, and his eyes drop, breaking the spell. Will knows how tight, how welcoming and slick she is, how she can tense up around a man and drive all thought from his head.

He swallows, and plants his hand on the door, fists the head of his cock as Hannibal's head lifts again to meet his eyes. Will doesn't know if he can see enough of Will's face, if Hannibal can actually see *him*, but he dares not look away.

Do it, he thinks, shouts it in his head as if Hannibal can hear him.

"Hannibal!" Mischa cries again, rolling her hips, working herself back onto his cock. Hannibal's jaw bulges at the corner, and he rears up, planting his hands on her hips to keep her still. He ruts into her, snarls low, nostrils flaring as he breathes out. Will knows the instant his orgasm takes him, watches with awe as his jaw slackens, his lashes dip low. Watches his shoulders drop and his fingers flex on her skin and wonders if he'll leave bruises.

If Will could kiss them, after, if he could persuade Mischa to bare more of her skin. Perhaps that is why she would only have Will in the woods, where she could remain mostly clothed. Maybe she has more marks than even he can see on her now.

Mischa sighs, a sated smile on her face as she goes limp beneath her brother, and Hannibal leans down, rumbling in pleasure, nuzzles her sweaty hair and kisses her red cheek. He whispers something to her, low and in their shared language, and she grins, and lifts her head, so that they are both staring at the door.

"Will," he calls, and Will freezes once again, an icy coil of prey-animal fear stalling his heart and stilling his hand.

"Will, my love," Mischa echoes, and reaches out to him, her fingers curling. "Won't you come in?"

Chapter 3

"Will, my love," Mischa calls again. "Come join us."

Will should leave. He should hurry to his rooms and pretend he was never here – he is sure if he did, they would not come for him tonight. Hannibal's eyes are alert, sharp as a wildcat hidden in darkness, but Mischa looks exhausted and sated, and Will is sure Hannibal would not leave her to come find Will should he flee.

But in this, he and Hannibal are alike; he cannot possibly leave Mischa here. She doesn't know what kind of monster her brother is. Will swallows harshly, unsure if even as he decides, he is sealing his own fate. He pulls his hand from his cock and releases his mouth, flushing and still so very hard, and opens the door.

The air is cool, inside, and stinks of sex. The thick, salty hints of their sweat, the sweetness of rushing blood. Mischa's pleasure, warming the high notes in the air. Hannibal's seed, which Will can see dripping from her, between her legs, forms the baser flavor as he breathes in. He remains close to the door, shutting it behind him with a soft 'click'.

Mischa smiles at him, as bright and happy as she always is, and Will can't stop staring at the both of them. Still, even lax from his orgasm, Hannibal looks so strong – he's piecing his person suit back together, reforming into the normally aloof, genteel man Will knows. But he has already bared himself to Will's gaze – Will sees the extra teeth in his savage smile. Sees the light in his eyes that is the same of a predator.

The hand Will used to choke the man in the basement to death flexes at his side. He must stay focused – Hannibal doesn't know Will knows about his preferred meat, but there's no denying the obvious evidence of what the siblings had just been doing. One thing at a time; perhaps Will can save this, can talk his way out and remove his wife from her brother's embrace, and get her out of here before Hannibal realizes that he knows.

He breathes out.

"When you offered your help in pleasing your sister," he says, "you clearly weren't just talking in abstract."

Hannibal laughs. His large hands settle on Mischa's skin, warm and so dark against her pallor. He grips her waist with a gentle touch, slides his hands up to rest on her shoulders, and then curls over them, lifting her to more of a crouch, on her hands and knees. Will cannot help the way his eyes rake over her, drinking in the sight of that pleasured flush which has spread to her belly, her nipples a sweet and innocent pink, her thighs quivering and shining with her own slick and Hannibal's come. Will's come, too, probably. He shivers.

Hannibal embraces her, pulls her so that she is only on her knees, resting against his broad chest. She looks so small against him, or perhaps he is just so large that he eclipses her entirely, his muscled arms and widespread hands covering her like paint upon a canvass. He cups one of her breasts, his other hand sinking between her legs, to where she's pink and wet,

and he kisses over her pulse – the same sensitive spot Will discovered – as she shivers and moans, lashes fluttering and eyes rolling up.

Despite the monster prowling in his wife's bed, Will cannot help how every piece of him tenses, wanting to rush to her, as helpless to resist her as a stallion might be in the presence of an in-season mare. He can taste her in the air, listens with a shuddering gasp as Hannibal's fingers sink into her, obscenely loud and wet. She moans, breathes out a quiet little whine, and Will cannot resist.

He goes to her, takes her thighs and pulls her to the very edge of the bed. He spreads her knees, and the bed is high enough that when he kneels in front of her, his mouth is at the perfect height to taste her. Mischa gasps as Will's actions force Hannibal to pull out of her, and as Will leans in to taste, knowing he will not just be tasting her, but Hannibal as well, a fierce hand in his hair stops him.

Hannibal smiles down at him, over Mischa's shoulder, and puts his dirty fingers on Will's lower lip. Will can't look away as he lets Hannibal's fingers slide in, as fierce and unrelenting as a cock might be, he imagines. Hannibal's other hand grips his hair tightly, tugs Will down so his teeth knock against Hannibal's knuckles, and he groans, his nails digging into Mischa's soft thighs as he gags on Hannibal's fingers.

She sighs, recovering, and smiles down at Will. Her hands are gentler on his face, brushing with feather-light fingertips over his flushing cheeks, his sweaty forehead, with the same affection she has always held. Will shivers, swallowing harshly, his tongue bathed in the flavor of Hannibal's come and Mischa's slick – her taste, cleaner, sweeter, Hannibal's undeniably fuller. Wine and whiskey. Sweet meat and the bourbon-like glaze set upon it.

The image of meat makes him tense, and gag again, and he pulls off of Hannibal's fingers with a gasp, breathing harshly. Something akin to panic is welling up in the back of his throat, for Hannibal is looking at him like a wolf would eye a lamb, grinning wide and ready to lunge.

Mischa moans weakly, as Hannibal puts his wet fingers back inside her, grinding against her clitoris with the heel of his hand as he works three fingers back into her body. "Oh, dear," he murmurs, and nudges his nose to Mischa's neck again, kissing her gently. Will cannot help think he can smell Will on her, there. That he likes it. "You are ravenous tonight, darling."

Mischa's fingers flex on Will's face, her thighs tightening, trying to pull together as Hannibal fucks her with his hand. She opens her eyes, stares down at Will, as sweet and wanting as she had been in the woods. He watches her, frozen in place, achingly hard and desperate as her lashes flutter, and Hannibal works her to the precipice of orgasm.

Hannibal's head turns. Their eyes meet; a challenge. *Well?*

Will stands with a growl, pulling his shirt over his head and tossing it to the ground behind him. Hannibal's eyes flash with interest, his lips pull into a wide, savage smile, and he takes his fingers out of her, making her let loose a soft, frustrated groan. He keeps his hand at her breast, idly playing with her nipple until it hardens again, and cups her thighs with his other

hand, letting her unfold and sit with her legs spread out wide, her pink and slick entrance bared for Will.

They are animals, and there's a rival male's seed inside his mate. It is suddenly unbearable, insulting, to think that. Hannibal's come is still leaking from her, beading and white, and Will leans forward, cups the side of her neck not being touched by Hannibal's mouth, and kisses her greedily. She moans against him, small hands clutching his bare shoulders with harsh nails, and he pulls his cock from his clothes and strokes himself, leaking and knowing he will not last long once he gets inside her.

Mischa's eyes are black, and she and her brother are watching him in the same way; ravenous. Monsters set to devour.

Will pushes into her, gasping at the slick, tight heat that envelops him. She feels amazing, so wet, clenching up around his cock as he grips her hips tightly and kisses her, fucks in until her body gives a small jolt of pleasure. Hannibal smiles, and his hand slides between their stomachs, rubbing her sensitive and swollen clit as Will fucks her roughly. He knows she can take it, now, he knows she likes it rough and fast.

She wraps her legs around him, breathing hard, raking her nails down his back as she shudders, coming with a soft cry against his mouth. Hannibal removes his hand, settles it on her stomach instead to see how she quivers and tenses around Will as he fucks her. Will growls, wrapping a hand in her long hair, wishing Hannibal would release her, so that Will can lay her out and mount her properly.

Hannibal is strong, though, and grips his sister tightly, unwilling to let her go. Will parts from the kiss with a gasp, bowing his head, and tenses when he feels a warm grip that is decidedly not Mischa take his chin.

He lifts his head, and stiffens when Hannibal smiles at him, and leans over Mischa's shoulder, pressing their lips together. His mouth is warm, his lips undeniably soft, and Will gasps, giving Hannibal the space to lick between his teeth. The action sends a blossom of strange heat through him, for it feels like Hannibal is tasting him. Like he wants to devour.

The thought makes him shiver.

Hannibal cups his head, so he cannot pull away, though he's not sure he wants to. Mischa is panting between them, trapped against Hannibal's strength and under Will's weight. He clenches his hands on her hips, rolls his own so he can sink as deep into her as possible. He wants to leave bruises that cover whatever marks Hannibal left on her with his own hands. He wants to flood her, fill her to bursting, so that there's no doubt any child sired is his.

Hannibal kisses him like Mischa does – wanting, desperate. He probably taught her how to kiss. It is that thought that drives a terrible spike of arousal through Will, and he goes still, gasping against Hannibal's mouth as he comes, so much that he can feel his seed leaking back around him, staining the bedsheets and his clothes.

Hannibal licks into his mouth one last time, and releases him, allowing him to breathe. Will's forehead drops to Mischa's shoulder, he twitches and hisses as she clenches around him, as

though milking him for everything he can give. He ruts against her as he fills her, bares his teeth and shudders, shoulders rolling as she pets down his back.

Mischa sighs, glowing with happiness as Will pulls out, wincing at the sharp aftershock that claws at his spine. She doesn't let him move away, clings to him with her sweet thighs and warm hands, and Hannibal's grip is still tight in his hair, so he can't retreat from them.

"Come," Mischa murmurs, and lifts her head to kiss his sweaty neck. "Rest with us, my love."

Will wants to shake his head. He wants to take her in his arms and flee into the night. But he can't, weak as he is, both of them holding him so tightly. Hannibal moves, getting gracefully to his feet, and crowds behind Will, gently easing him out of the rest of his clothes as Mischa lies back, and pulls him into place in the bed.

Will ends up sandwiched between them, Hannibal behind him and Mischa in front. She smiles at him, and kisses him, and Will wonders how she can bear it when Will's mouth was just being so thoroughly claimed by her brother. Or perhaps she likes that it was – she kisses him with teeth and probing tongue, petting down his heaving flanks with a soothing touch.

Will wants to speak, to ask, to demand 'How long' and 'Why', but he's exhausted, too strung out on the revelations of the day. Hannibal is warm behind him, one strong arm wrapped around his stomach, and Will has to wonder if he does it more out of a general want of closeness, or to keep Will pinned. Truly, there is something undeniably suggestive in the way he presses his flaccid cock between Will's thighs, as if seeking more heat.

Mischa sighs, closing her eyes, and Will is not sure, when he's asleep, they will not strike him and kill him while he slumbers. But he can't keep his eyes open. They are warm and sweet against him, and he wraps a hand in Mischa's long, sweat-damp hair, pulls her to his chest, and settles with another sigh.

He does not wake first. Hannibal is present behind him, his breathing even and his heartbeat powerful against Will's back. Mischa is asleep, still, her body turned away from them both. Pinned beneath Hannibal's heat, Will has sweated during the night, feels the damp cling of it against the small of his back where Hannibal's belly is curved against him. Feels it between his thighs, but dares not move in case Hannibal takes it as invitation.

Hannibal's arm tightens around him, and Will shivers at the brush of lips to his neck. "Good morning, Will," he greets, as calm and cool as he always is, as if this is a regular occurrence for them. Will swallows harshly, curls his fingers and resists the urge to flee.

"Good morning," he rasps.

Hannibal smiles, shows his teeth to Will's nape, and Will shivers again. His neck is sensitive, it always has been, and he hates the traitorous pulse of heat within his body, hates how his

upper arms and shoulders break out in goose bumps as Hannibal's warm breath skates along his flushed skin.

"I trust you slept well," he murmurs. Will tenses up as Hannibal shifts behind him, large and strong. He's hard, Will realizes in a flash of awareness, his cock pressing gently, almost politely, against Will's back. Will might scream. He needs answers.

But all that comes out is a weak, "Yes." Hannibal replies with a soft, pleased hum, mouthing gently at the back of Will's neck, causing another series of shivers to run down his spine, for his stomach to tense and his thighs to slide together, cock twitching in interest. Will closes his eyes, blocking out the sight of his wife, of Hannibal's arm around his waist, of the soiled bed. The air stinks of all three of them, rich and heavy-salted.

Hannibal hums again. "Tell me what you're thinking," he says, and one of his arms has become Will's pillow. He bends it, brushing his thumb along the crease in Will's brow until it loosens. His hand smells of his sister.

"Mischa told me you would say that we are all just animals," Will replies. He doesn't open his eyes. "Is that what this is?"

Hannibal huffs a laugh, like the question amuses him. "Animals are slaves to their nature," he says, his voice warm and rough, honey-like. Coaxing, whispering, 'You have nothing to fear, little lamb.' Will is a fool to let it affect him, but helpless to stop it.

"How long have you two been…?" He can't finish the sentence. 'Fucking' is too crass, because Mischa is his wife. 'Making love' doesn't sit well with him either, given what he saw, though he can't deny it's likely far closer to the truth.

Hannibal makes a soft, considering noise. "A long time," he replies. "At first, I merely helped her learn her body, what felt good…" The hand on Will's stomach slides down, just an inch, but it's enough for all of him to go tense. "And what she liked. Then, when she asked for me, I gave." Will swallows.

"What must you have thought of me, then?" he wonders aloud.

Hannibal laughs. "I knew that eventually Mischa would want to marry. She is a traditional sort in many ways, though part of me suspects she simply likes the idea of having a man at her beck and call." Will can tell he doesn't say it to insult. "And there are some limitations that even I, with as much as I love her, must be forced to accept." He sighs. "I cannot give her children."

"You seem quite eager to try," Will replies.

Hannibal laughs again. "Yes, but I think we both know any child borne from a relationship as ours would be…" He doesn't say the word. Will doesn't want him to, he doesn't want to think of anything Mischa brought into this world as being grotesque, monstrous, even something as simple as unhealthy. He wonders if, perhaps, this has come up before. If Hannibal can smell her fertility and refuses to lay with her when she might catch, and swell with him. If Mischa

has been pregnant, but lost the child in some way or another. The idea makes his chest seize and tremble with outrage.

"If she wants children, I can give her that," Will murmurs, and isn't sure if it's pride that touches the back of his throat – some way he is superior over Mischa's beloved brother.

"Yes," Hannibal agrees, his hand sliding down another inch. Will's fingers curl. "You shall have to lay with her as often as possible, to ensure it. And I suppose I shall have to find some other place to plant my seed."

Will gasps, shivering as Hannibal's lips brush along his neck again. His hand slides to the lowest part of Will's belly, where if he were a woman, his own empty vessel would be. Hannibal's hips roll, reminding Will that he is hard, and so warm. He begins to sweat.

"I wonder," Hannibal purrs, "if you can offer any alternative."

Oh, *God*. Will opens his eyes, the light suddenly so harsh as Hannibal keeps him pinned, and still, pressing with teasing hardness against his back. He knows men can find attraction to other men – he has even, perhaps, felt it himself, in the butterflies and warmth he gets whenever Hannibal smiles at him. But Hannibal cannot possibly be suggesting what Will knows he's suggesting.

As if sensing his thoughts, Hannibal kisses his neck again, sending another cascade of goose bumps down Will's arms and back. "You are lovely, Will," he murmurs. Will's cock twitches, unable to help itself at the caress of Hannibal's voice beneath his ear, where he feels so sensitive and raw. "I remember, when first I met you, noting your eyes. They are beautiful."

Will thinks back to every time he's felt Hannibal's eyes on him, felt that dark gaze sliding over his body, lingering on his face. Unbidden, drawn out by the touch of Hannibal's teeth on his neck, Will feels his body shake and tremble, his thighs parting to allow Hannibal's cock to slide between them. The feeling of his thick erection, leaking already, butting up behind his balls and over them, touching the base of his own cock, fills him with a strange sensation of emptiness. A deep, sudden, and frantic desire to feel it inside him.

His hand drops without conscious thought, curiously and tentatively brushing over Hannibal's leaking cockhead, pulling back his foreskin so he can touch the sensitive flesh. Hannibal growls behind him, a powerful shiver running through his body. His jaws part, and he bites Will's nape gently. Will remembers, suddenly, the things he had found in the basement, and every part of him tenses all over again.

Hannibal pauses, humming curiously. He takes Will's hand from his cock and lifts it, bringing it to his nose, and breathes in deeply. Will stares in front of him, frozen in place, sure that despite how hard he'd scrubbed at his hands, how much time has passed, Hannibal will be able to smell the blood.

Indeed, Hannibal pulls back from him, and forces Will to roll so that they're facing each other. His eyes are black, his expression curiously lacking emotion despite the heat Will can feel from his gaze. He swallows harshly, curls his fingers, and Hannibal turns his head again, breathes in at Will's knuckles as though second-guessing his own sense of smell.

Then, he says, very carefully; "I imagine last night brought a host of revelations to you."

Will nods, once, slowly.

Hannibal's eyes darken further. That ravenous creature Will had seen behind his carefully cultivated façade blinks at him. "Yet you did not run."

"No," Will replies. "I wasn't going to leave Mischa here."

Hannibal smiles. "Your loyalty to her is admirable," he murmurs, almost absently, like he's commenting on the weather or on a trinket that caught his eye. "If I had not been here, would I have woken to an empty house, then?"

"Probably."

"I appreciate your honesty, Will," Hannibal says, and lets Will's hand go. Still, he does not stop touching Will, his arm still beneath Will's cheek, and his other hand settles on Will's hip. "I hope it will continue."

"I killed him," Will breathes. "The man in the cellar. I put my hand around his neck and choked the life out of him."

Hannibal's eyes flash, his head tilts. Terribly intrigued. He smiles. "Why?"

"He was screaming. I was afraid it would rouse you."

"And that I would come down, and see you had discovered my little secret, and kill you for it?" Hannibal finishes. Will can only nod, and Hannibal laughs. "Oh, sweet Will, do you think I would ever hurt my sister in such a way, by killing her beloved husband?"

Will swallows. "I don't know," he replies. "I'm only just starting to get the feeling you are more than tolerant of my presence here." For this much is true; Hannibal is still hard, still looking at Will the same way he looks at his sister, with open want, with desire. "Does she know?"

Hannibal nods. "The men who killed our parents provided the first meal we shared together," he replies. Will wets his lips, thinking of when Mischa told him of her parents' terrible slaughter. Hannibal's eyes drop to his mouth, his own lips parting, showing the edges of his teeth. "Who do you think taught her how to hunt?"

"What am I supposed to do with that?" Will demands. "You're murderers."

"We are animals, Will," Hannibal replies, arching a brow. "We are free to feast and touch each other as we like." He smiles again. "Even now, you are not so innocent. You just confessed to killing a man." And Will, well, he doesn't have an answer to that. "How did it feel?"

"Awful," Will murmurs.

"Mm. And what if I told you that man was a rapist, and had been accused by no less than ten women in the last year of brutally assaulting them?"

Will's eyes widen. "Is that true?"

Hannibal's expression grows icy, anger flattening his mouth and making his fingers curl. "Yes," he replies. And Will doesn't think he's lying. He presses his lips together, swallows, and looks down at his own hands. The hands that finished what Hannibal started, that robbed the world of an evil man. There is a terribly enthralling attractiveness to the idea of vengeance; Hannibal killing the men who hurt his parents. Will, killing a man who hurt innocent women.

He sucks in a breath, closes his eyes tightly. He wants to turn his head, to hide from Hannibal's penetrating stare, but the only option is to bury his face in Hannibal's chest, or turn away from him and expose his vulnerable neck and the space between his legs.

"I've never denied my sister anything," Hannibal says, in his silence. "Her desire for fresh meat; her desire for a companion in her bed. I feed her when she is hungry, and hold her when she is afraid, and when she is happy, so am I." Will opens his eyes again, finds Hannibal's head tilted, his expression fond. He reaches out and tucks a curl behind Will's ear. "Surely you can understand that kind of love."

Of course he can. He would do anything for Mischa.

Hannibal smiles, and his hand flattens gently on Will's jaw. Will shivers, unable to figure out where to place his hands, and so they rest curled up against his chest, and he's so aware of how close Hannibal is, how warm he is, and with Mischa sleeping, lax and peaceful behind him, Will is very aware that he's trapped.

Hannibal seems to realize this at the same time. He smiles, showing his crooked, savage teeth, and Will's chest pulses in a strange beat of warmth. He has the incredible, frantic urge to bare his neck. "I suppose," Hannibal murmurs, "all that remains now is if you can embrace and accept your own animal nature, dear Will."

Will swallows, wets his lips, and he doesn't pull back when Hannibal leans in. Their mouths meet, and his eyes close, he breathes in shakily and gets a lungful of Hannibal's scent, his own and Mischa's entangled like soft sheets around their legs. Hannibal's kiss is gentle, as though Will were his own blushing virgin bride – and that thought makes the heat in Will's chest pulse again, makes his hands flex and flatten on Hannibal's strong shoulders, clinging tightly.

Hannibal lets out a ragged, low noise, breaks for only a breath and kisses Will again. His hand slides from Will's jaw, to his neck, over his bare flank and grips his hip in a tight embrace. He coaxes Will to arch against him, so Hannibal's erection drips and grinds against Will's thigh, and Will feels his own cock stir in answer.

Hannibal pulls back when Will gasps, and Will finds himself seeking, gripping Hannibal's shoulders as he arches close again. He wants to know what it feels like, to have Hannibal's hands on him. Wants to know how Hannibal touches those in his bed – if he might be rougher

with Will, figuring that as a man he can take a more brutal touch. If he will be achingly gentle out of concession to Will's inexperience.

Will flinches when he feels another thick drop of precum stain his hip, pulls back and looks down, breathing hard. Hannibal is larger than him, his cock proud and flushed a deep, pretty red.

Hannibal smiles, and nuzzles his hair. "Touch it," he murmurs.

Will bites his lower lip, slides a hand down and wraps his fingers around Hannibal's cock, shuddering when even his longer fingers cannot completely meet around its girth. He had thought Hannibal's size was simply exaggerated by Mischa's dainty hands, but finds that no, it's not in the slightest. He's not sure why he expected it to feel different from his own, for it's not; it's smooth, just a slight give to it, the only marked difference being the size and the extra slip of skin that he can pull back to reveal the leaking slit.

Will's grip is loose, as he sucks in a breath and slides his hand down to the base of it, marveling again at its size, and the heat soaking into his palm. Hannibal growls, hips twitching in brief reflex, and Will feels Hannibal's mouth at his hair again;

"See what you do to me, Will?" he breathes, and Will cannot fathom that this is for him – to this point he believed it to be a byproduct of waking, a natural reaction for men when they rise. Or perhaps the sweet scent of Mischa clinging to the sheets.

Hannibal's hand slides into his hair, gripping tight, and a moan escapes Will before he can swallow it back. Hannibal rises, suddenly, and pushes Will to lie flat, kneeling over him. Will lets go of his cock, breathing hard as Hannibal takes over from him, stroking himself languidly, as if he has all the time in the world.

Hannibal smiles. "You seemed so eager to taste my sister last night," he murmurs, and Will swallows. He wants to look at Mischa, but Hannibal's hold in his hair is unrelenting, and has no give to it. "Perhaps you'd like to compare."

Will's eyes widen. His hands fly to Hannibal's hips, though he's not honestly certain if he means to push him away or pull him closer. Hannibal merely laughs at him, and pulls Will upright, then forward, angling his cock so it smears between Will's gasping lips. He has no choice but to widen his jaws, and Hannibal growls, tipping his head back and forcing his fat cockhead deeper into Will's mouth.

His leaking precum is bitter, much more so than Mischa, an undeniably salty aftertaste that makes Will ache for something sweet to wash it down with. His hands tighten on Hannibal's hips, but he cannot do much, folded as he is. Hannibal releases his cock, puts his second hand in Will's hair, and slides into his mouth another inch. He feels so large, heavy on Will's tongue, brushing along the roof of his mouth and butting against the tender muscles at the back of his throat.

Will gags, shoulders tensing. He tries to push Hannibal away, but Hannibal does not relent. He holds himself there, snarling as Will's throat spasms around him, and when Will's eyes

brim with reflexive tears, when he feels his vision go grey at the edges, he pulls back and allows Will some air.

Will coughs, wiping the back of his hand over his mouth, and as he struggles to catch his breath, the raw noise he makes is enough to wake Mischa. She stirs, stretching and rolling onto her back with a large yawn. She blinks, a flutter of lashes as Hannibal lets Will straighten, and then she smiles widely at the both of them.

She reaches out to Will, pets over his flushed cheek, thumb sitting in the tender corner of his mouth. "Good morning, my love," she says gently, and Will swallows, turning to her and sliding a hand through her hair. Hannibal releases him, letting him go, and Will kisses her deeply and hopes she takes no offense to the clinging salt of Hannibal's precum on his tongue.

She moans into it, clutching at him. The sound of her, her scent, her kiss, is enough to take the low-grade simmer of Will's arousal to a sudden boil. Then, Hannibal's hand is on his hip, and Will jerks and growls, hardening to the point of a dull ache as Hannibal kisses the nape of his neck.

Mischa licks into his mouth, slides one of her hands down, and Will shudders as he feels her fingers lace with Hannibal's on Will's hip. Then, she giggles, and arches closer, bringing her brother's fingers to between her legs, and Will moans with her as Hannibal pushes two fingers into where she's swollen and wet.

She sighs against Will, and Will breaks the kiss, nuzzling over her pulse just to hear how her breath catches, her free hand sliding into his hair. He moves further, finds another sensitive place just shy of her collarbone, where he can see a very faint, barely-there purpling of an old bruise. He growls, bares his teeth against it, and sucks the skin into his mouth until it blooms with new red.

Behind him, Hannibal laughs. "Your husband is a possessive creature, darling," he purrs. "We must have caught him in a forgiving mood, last night."

Hannibal's big hand threads through his hair, tugs him away, and Will's sharp noise of protest is silenced as he pushes his fingers into Will's mouth, soaked with Mischa's slick. It's easier to take Hannibal's fingers this time, as he curls them down and paints Will's tongue.

Mischa laughs. "Not possessive, I think," she muses lightly. "Just eager to please."

Perhaps, Will thinks, sucking on Hannibal's fingers, there isn't that much of a difference. Hannibal's huff of amusement is low, his breath warm as he plasters himself to Will's back, nuzzles beneath his ear and presses his teeth to Will's flushed skin.

"You certainly have a way of attracting men who would do anything to see you happy," he murmurs. He sounds…almost wistful, and pulls his fingers out of Will's mouth, gently cupping his chin, his jaw. Mischa's eyes soften, Will can see her gaze darting between the two of them, and she gives them both a warm, adoring smile.

She cups Will's face, over Hannibal's fingers, and leans up to kiss him, as sweet and gentle as she had on their wedding day. Will is smiling when she pulls back, and does the same to her brother, and he must admit they make a beautiful couple, despite knowing what they are to each other. Monsters, animals, their pelts shed. Hannibal cups her neck as he kisses her, his body arching against Will's, reminding Will that it's not *solely* Mischa that is making him react.

It's a decadent, heavy thing that stirs in Will's chest, knowing that he has won the favor of these two wild, uninhibited creatures. That they desire and love him. Spurred by his realization, and too warm to deny the urge, he leans in when the siblings part, and turns in Hannibal's arms, kissing him of his own accord. He can tell it startles Hannibal, who was more than content to simply take advantage of Will's passivity, but now that Will is reactive, is wanting, his hands turn fierce in Will's flesh, claws digging into him in a way that reminds Will of that sharp ache inside him, the emptiness desperate to be filled.

He pulls back with a gasp, Hannibal's forehead against his, and swallows harshly. He is very aware of how dry he is in comparison to them – Mischa, behind him, her inner thighs slick as she smiles and wraps a leg around his hips; Hannibal in front, his cock leaking steadily.

He clears his throat, and says, though he's sure it's obvious; "I've never…" Hannibal hums in acceptance, his hand teasing the crease of Will's hip, sending gentle sparks of heat along his skin. It makes him want to stretch, to spread, to run and see if these monsters will give chase.

He swallows, and meets Hannibal's eyes. "But I want to."

Hannibal's smile is wide, predatory, but Will feels no fear. Hannibal kisses Will again, more chaste this time, and rises from the bed. "I will fetch us something to make it easier for you," he says, when Will gives a soft sound of protest, immediately missing his heat. Hannibal leans down, pets through his hair, and puts his teeth to Will's ear; "Please your wife. I will return shortly."

Will shivers, and Hannibal leaves the room on silent feet, unashamed of his nakedness, though Will doesn't think he would have any cause to be. He is a beast, honed by primal instinct and monstrous capability. He's beautiful. They both are.

He turns in the bed, happily kissing Mischa as she arches against him, a sweet and soft moan swallowed when she releases it. "You're truly not angry?" she whispers, and there is a slight hesitance in her eyes, a flicker of guilt that Will wants to wipe away.

"I could never be angry with you," Will replies, just as he did at dinner, and he means it just as much as when he said it last. She smiles. "And I understand why you didn't tell me. But I never want you to be ashamed."

She smiles, her dark eyes shining, and Will kisses her again. He kisses her lovely mouth, her fine jaw, her delicate and sensitive neck. He kisses her shoulders, her collarbones, opens his mouth wide around one of her nipples and sucks lightly at the little bud. She sighs, clutching at his hair, her legs spreading as Will reaches down to rub his thumb over her swollen clit. She lets out a sound he has never heard from her before – a sharp, ragged thing that is like a moan and a gasp combined. It strikes Will behind the eyes, and he growls, kissing down her

soft, flat stomach, and pushes her thighs apart so he can eagerly have the taste of her he was denied last night.

"Oh, Will," she breathes, tangling her fingers in his messy hair, arching as he cups her ass and lifts her to his mouth. She tastes so *good*, and Will can tell which flavor is hers, which is his, which is Hannibal's. He buries his tongue inside her, licking as deep as he can, rubs his nose from side to side between her slick flesh as he drinks his fill.

He hears the door open, and instinctively tenses, but relaxes when he remembers it's just Hannibal. He feels the air change as he approaches, registers a jar of something being placed on the bed by Mischa's foot, and moans when Hannibal's big hand cups his nape, other hand at his shoulder, subtly coaxing him lower to the bed.

"She likes a finger and tongue insider her at the same time," Hannibal murmurs to him, and Will obeys the unspoken command immediately, pushing one of his fingers below his tongue and crooking up. Immediately, she stiffens, grinding fiercely against his mouth. She spams around him and he drags his tongue up, licking a broad stripe over her clit as he works a second finger into her. She's blister-hot on the inside, soaked and trembling.

He can feel her getting close, her body clamping down around his fingers as he licks at her, and just as he feels her starting to bear down in earnest, Hannibal stops him, pulling him away by his hair and forcing his fingers out. Both Will and Mischa let out twin groans of frustration at that, and he laughs.

"Turn around, darling," he tells Mischa. "We must make sure you're positioned so that Will can breed you properly."

Will moans roughly, arching his back as Hannibal kisses his neck, pushes his hair up so his nape is exposed. He bites down, gentle and wide, and Will's entire body spasms in another powerful shiver.

Mischa smiles, and closes her legs, rolling onto her belly and lifting her hips, her knees spread and baring her slick, pink entrance to Will's greedy gaze. She tucks her hands beneath the pillows, gripping the edge of the mattress, and tosses her head so her hair falls to one side. She has fine bruises all along her flanks, and a dark bite mark at the back of her neck. Will cannot resist the urge to rise, and cover her, planting his own teeth over the mark and sucking loudly.

She gasps, lowering her head as Will cups one of her breasts, playing with her peaked nipple as he'd seen Hannibal do, his second hand sliding down her belly and between her legs. He knows she can bear his weight, for if she can withstand her brother Will should be no trouble, but still, it pleases him to feel how her thighs quiver and tense, her shoulders bracing as she lowers herself further to the bed, canting her hips even higher in askance.

Hannibal's hand reaches around Will, cradles his cock, and his hand is wet, slick and tight like a mouth, and Will gasps, his hands flying to Mischa's hips to keep her still as he ruts blindly forward into it. Hannibal laughs beneath his ear, turns his head and bites.

"Go slowly," he tells Will. "And deep. She likes that."

He angles Will so his cockhead drags between her flesh, finds her yielding entrance, and his other hand presses at the small of Will's back, urging him into her. She parts for him as readily as she did the night before, slick and wanting, and Will groans, head tipping back to give Hannibal more access to his neck, his stomach tense and heart flying as he digs his nails into Mischa's hips and holds her steady, sinking all the way inside her.

Mischa moans weakly, clamping down in powerful spasm around his cock, making Will's breath catch and his eyes close. She feels incredible, hot and tight and so, *so* wet. He pushes in until his hips connect with her ass, buried as deep inside her as he can get, and Hannibal lets out a soft, pleased sound.

And then Will feels those slick fingers drag between his own thighs, and he tenses.

"Relax," Hannibal coaxes, and Will hears the jar opening again, a squelch as Hannibal bathes his fingers in whatever is inside it. His nostrils flare, scenting something like pig fat, like meat, and in that moment he is absolutely sure Hannibal is using the grease of his kills to open Will up for him. He knows it should revolt him, but all it does is make his cock twitch, his stomach clench.

Hannibal's fingers return, and one of them pets wetly over his dry rim, a soft flicker of heat and pressure that makes Will gasp. Hannibal's other hand wraps around him, below his arm, his hand flattening over the flush on Will's chest, teasing at gripping his neck.

Will isn't sure what instinct drives him to do it, but he releases Mischa with one hand and flattens it over Hannibal's instead, guiding his hand further up until it eclipses Will's throat. Hannibal squeezes, and Will groans, panting as Hannibal uses the small advantage of his lax body to push a finger into him.

It's…not painful, but not exactly comfortable either. His body is not used to this being an entrance, and he huffs, gritting his teeth as Hannibal curls his finger, almost idly, the rest of his hand splayed wide and petting between Will's legs as he works it in deep, until the webbing of his hand stops him going further. He squeezes Will's neck, making him choke on his next inhale, and Will moans softly, shakes his head, as Hannibal tries to push another finger into him.

"Hannibal," he breathes, hoarse. "I can't -."

"Just relax, darling," Hannibal purrs, and uses his grip inside Will to tug on his rim, working his hips back, and then forward again. Mischa moans, and Will can feel the tips of her fingers as she plays with herself, content to merely enjoy the fullness of Will inside her as she touches herself, and her muscles clench and spasm around Will as she does.

Hannibal growls, and puts his teeth to Will's ear again. "If you promise to stay inside her, I can make you finish." Will isn't sure how, isn't even sure the noise and words that escape him are English, but Mischa rolls her hips, gasping as Will's cock pierces her deeply, and Hannibal smiles, forces his second finger into Will, and then *twists* them.

He releases Will's neck and drops his hand between his legs, pressing at the sweaty, smooth slip of skin between his balls and his hole, and Will snarls, hands clamping around Mischa's

hips. His thighs twitch, knees wanting to rise, to fuck into her more deeply. There is something there, some sensitive and swollen thing that Hannibal is touching, pinching from either side of him. It makes heat flare in the base of his skull, makes his spine turn molten and his teeth grind together. It feels *good*, so achingly good, like the warmth of a blazing fire, fresh food, smoky whiskey. Will cannot help how he moves, forcing himself back onto Hannibal's fingers, and then forward, into Mischa's slick heat.

Mischa lets out a rough, sated noise, looking over her shoulder to meet Will's eyes, and then Hannibal's. She smiles, her lashes fluttering, her jaw falling lax as she starts to bear down around him again. Will whines, helplessly rutting into her as she comes, gasping and tossing her hair as her entire body rolls up, seeking his weight and his heat.

He runs his hands up her back as Hannibal lets out a similar, viscerally satisfied sound, and pushes a third finger into Will, petting over that spot inside him mercilessly as his thumb pinches it from the outside. Will trembles, sweating and flushed, gasping as Mischa claws at his hips, forcing him to stay inside her.

He comes when Hannibal bites the back of his neck, flooding her and ramrod straight, unable to move as Hannibal keeps touching that sensitive place and Mischa's slick, desperate body clamps and milks him for his seed. Then, he collapses with a weak moan, wincing as that spot becomes unbearably sensitive. He can't form the words to ask Hannibal to stop, can only whimper and kiss Mischa's sweaty skin as she clenches up around him, and he's pinned between them, helpless and aching and raw.

Hannibal does not relent, and Will winces as the waves of pleasure turn sharp, but yet build again, a tidal wave on the coast threatening to rise up and swallow his little ship whole. He gasps against Mischa's neck, pawing gracelessly at her shoulders as he tries to get the strength to lift from her, so he doesn't crush her – though she seems perfectly content to let him cover her. She must be used to it, having been with Hannibal for so long.

Mischa turns her head, smiles and cups Will's red cheek. She kisses him, and Will moans, grinding into her all the more fiercely. Then, when he can give no more and the spasms of his body become more like death throes, Hannibal withdraws his fingers, leaving Will gasping, gaping, empty.

He doesn't like it. He immediately wants it back, tired and spent though he is. He can feel Hannibal smiling, his warm body pressing flat to Will's back, sensitive skin chafing at the pelt of hair across his chest. He feels Hannibal's cockhead press against his hole, wet and ready for him, and Will tenses, swallows, reaches back to shove Hannibal's hip.

Hannibal pauses, for all his cavalier dominion of Will before – he clearly has no desire to actually force Will, if the man in the cellar's fate is any indication. He kisses Will's neck and asks, "No?"

Will shakes his head, turns so he can see Hannibal's eyes, and replies, "I need to see you." He wants to watch as Hannibal penetrates him, wants to see his face, the slack expression, wants to touch the bunch of his muscles, his strong back, wants to pet through his hair and grip him tightly when Hannibal is inside him. It might be sentimental, might be a feminine and

submissive desire, but Will told Mischa he doesn't want her to be ashamed of what she likes, and he doubts Hannibal ever feels shame. So why should Will?

Hannibal smiles at him, warm with affection and utterly fond, and he pulls back with a nod, easing Will from Mischa's slick, tight heat. A single trail of white follows him and Mischa sighs, happily crawling up the bed and turning so she can perch against her pillows, content to recline and watch.

Hannibal turns Will, and kisses him deeply, as gentle as he is with his beloved sister. "Lie back, then," he murmurs, and Will obeys, finding his head pillowed on Mischa's lap, her fingers teasing and petting his hair from his face. It's a soothing sensation, helps him relax and breathe out, spreading his thighs when Hannibal coaxes them apart.

His fingers drop, teasing at Will's sensitive rim, and Will sucks in a breath, drags Hannibal up his body so they can kiss again. Hannibal touches that spot again, making him gasp and shiver, but his hips arch, seeking more of it, now that he's had a chance to recover somewhat.

Hannibal is a powerful presence above him, cupping Will at the small of his back and coaxing him to lift his hips as his fingers withdraw, and his cockhead replaces them. It's a subtle but undeniable change in pressure, blunter and softer, like an ocean wave instead of drops of rain. Will doesn't have it in him to resist, his muscles are pliant and weak, and Hannibal works himself in with small, rolling thrusts that make Will choke on his inhale, part his lips for Hannibal's tongue, suffocating and wanting under the other man's weight.

Hannibal's hips meet his thighs, and before he can move Will, Will lifts his legs, hooking them high on Hannibal's back so he can push in that last part, coaxing Will wide, wide open. His tender rim aches, his muscles forced to yield to something larger than anything he's ever had inside him, and Will groans brokenly, drags his nails across Hannibal's shoulders, and squeezes as best he can to test the girth and give of Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal snarls against his neck, grabs Will's ass tightly. "Careful, darling," he growls, as though in warning. "It is taking a lot of my self-control to treat you gently."

Will shivers, because he cannot deny that, yes, if Hannibal chose to become violent with him, Will only has the paltry training of schoolyard scuffles to defend himself. He's not a weak man, but he's not a predator like Hannibal is either.

Above his head, Mischa hums, petting still through Will's sweaty hair. "How does he feel, my love?" she asks, and Will doesn't know which of them she's speaking to, but he can't make himself speak. It feels as though Hannibal has plugged every opening in him, his throat tight and his lungs barely able to take in air.

Hannibal growls again, rolls his hips, and Will gasps, overwhelmed by how full he feels. He can only clutch at Hannibal's hair, mouth at his neck, and whisper, "Big."

Mischa laughs, at that. "I know," she purrs. "There was a time, when I still had some growth left, when he couldn't fit inside me all the way." Will *whimpers* at that, entire body clamping hard around Hannibal at the thought. The action makes Hannibal huff, grunting lowly, and he lifts his head to kiss Will, cupping his face with one of his hands.

Mischa sighs. "You look so lovely together," she murmurs, and Hannibal lifts his head, smiling at her. He rears up, planting his hands on the bed on either side of Will's chest, pulling back just a little and pressing deep again. As if Will were a fertile woman he *could* breed, and he wants to make sure he spills as deep as possible. Will tightens up around him again, releasing a helpless noise as Hannibal's cock grinds against the sensitive spot inside him. His cock is half-hard, leaking weakly onto his belly.

Mischa notices, and licks her palm, reaching forward over Will to take hold of his cock and stroke loosely as Hannibal builds up a slow, grinding rhythm, apparently content to simply enjoy how Will tightens around him. Will can sympathize – being inside Mischa feels divine, he would savor it forever if he could.

Then, Hannibal reaches down, cups Will's ass again and lifts him higher onto his thighs, and Will moans loudly, head tipping back as Hannibal's cock butts up against that sensitive spot, and Mischa's hand tightens, and between them it connects a sharp-edged flare of heat all the way up his spine, to the back of his neck. She's still petting through his hair and Will gasps when Hannibal smiles at him, and turns to kiss his sister.

"He likes a hand at his neck," he tells her, and Will wonders if it will be like this for the rest of their lives – Hannibal subtly guiding them, the alpha of their pack of monsters. He likes the idea, probably more than a sane man should.

Mischa smiles, and immediately takes her hand from his hair, wrapping it around the front of Will's throat and applying gentle pressure. Will's cock twitches in her hand, and he grabs for both of them, one hand around Hannibal's wrist, the other clutching desperately at Mischa's thigh.

"F-*fuck*," he whispers, as Hannibal thrusts into him again, harder this time, making Will's entire body jolt. His heart is racing, his spine feels like it's on fire, his thighs are shaking and it's getting harder to grip Hannibal with how slick their skin is becoming with sweat. Hannibal shines with it, on his brow, on his chest, his lashes fluttering as Will tightens around him again.

Then, his eyes snap open, and gaze down on Will fiercely. "Mischa, darling," he says, and Mischa must understand what he doesn't say, for she releases Will's cock and his neck, and moves from beneath his head, sitting beside them on the bed.

Hannibal lunges for Will, folding him and covering him completely, and begins a brutal pace inside Will – and it's good, it's so fucking good, his body forced to yield and pinned down beneath his weight. He claws at Hannibal's back, wanting him deeper, *in*. He feels so empty whenever Hannibal withdraws, and his cock is receiving delicious friction from Hannibal's belly.

He whines, when Hannibal bites his neck, hard enough he knows it will welt. He clamps down again, unable to stop the coiling ball of arousal in his gut from flaring, tightening, dropping down and ready. He wants to touch himself but he thinks he could come like this, just from being mounted by such a monster.

Hannibal bites him again, and snarls; "Don't you dare." Will whimpers as Hannibal changes the angle, just a little, so that Will loses the pressure inside him that feels so fucking good. Hannibal fists a hand in his hair, forces him to look up as their foreheads touch. "If you want to come, you will do it where a husband should, and give my sister a child."

Will swallows, his eyes wide, and he nods, gritting his teeth when Hannibal smiles, and kisses him in reward. The command changes things; Will is no longer a bedmate, sharing mutual pleasure with Hannibal, but an open, empty thing to be used and filled. Not discarded, no, and not unloved, but selfishly taken and he *likes* that. Because he knows Hannibal would never treat Mischa this way.

It makes the same prideful thing in him arch, and purr; 'I can satisfy you,' it wants to say. 'Use me'.

And so he does, clinging to Hannibal tightly, doesn't resist letting his throat and raw lungs release the noises Hannibal is forcing from him as he fucks Will, hard enough the bed creaks and the headboard cracks against the wall. Hannibal snarls, fingers flexing, and lifts Will tight to his hips. Shudders, going still, thighs twitching and face abruptly going lax.

Will doesn't feel the flood, not like he's sure Mischa can, but he feels Hannibal twitch and empty himself inside him, feels the eke of Hannibal's come leaking out around his cock as Hannibal growls, rutting deep into his body, so much that Will's stomach blooms with that same ache. Hannibal lingers for a moment, and then he kisses Will, and lowers him, his softening cock slipping out, and Will shivers at the gush of seed that follows, wetting his thighs like a woman.

He is trembling, denied and raw, and thinks he might die if they stop touching him now.

Hannibal rears back, making room for Mischa, and she comes close, smiles and kisses Will warmly, and mounts him, sinking down onto his cock. Will groans, so sensitive and desperate, and manages to choke out a single, guilty warning, before he comes inside her, filling her again.

She smiles, sighing happily, and leans down to kiss him again. She bites his lower lip, licks into his mouth, and cups his face in gentle hands, nuzzling and brushing their noses together as Will fights for breath.

The bed dips with Hannibal's weight as he lays down beside Will, and Will pulls out of her, rolling Mischa so she's sandwiched between them. She seems to like that, wriggling happily, and kisses Will one more time, before she rolls and gives her brother the same affection, cupping his face and sighing as he embraces her.

Will nuzzles her long, damp hair, breathes in the scent of all three of them mixed together, and his fingers lace with Hannibal's on her hip. His body aches after being used so roughly, but he is content, and kisses her bare shoulder.

After a moment, Hannibal hums, brushing his cheek over his sister's, meeting Will's eyes. "It appears we will not have to hunt after all," he says, and Will blinks at him. "Your beloved husband slaughtered a pig for us."

Mischa makes a soft, curious sound, and Will swallows. "The man in the cellar," he tells her. "I found it."

"Oh," she says, but she must sense that this, along with everything else, is not troubling Will. She rolls onto her back and touches his cheek. She seems to look at him as though seeing him for the first time. She blinks, her face softening with understanding, almost awed. "And yet you did not run."

Will smiles. "I couldn't bear to leave you," he replies. "And now I don't think I possibly could." He lifts his gaze, meets Hannibal's eyes. "Either of you. Provided I'm still welcome here."

Hannibal's head tilts, his eyes flashing with an amused glint. The monster in them grins at him, widely. And Will thinks he might see the creature's sister, smiling in Mischa's eyes. Perhaps he is reflecting something of his own.

"Of course, my love," Mischa breathes, sounding genuinely worried that Will would think himself unwelcome in their home, in their bed. She turns fully, and kisses him, and Will sighs, pressing close to her, shivering when Hannibal's hand moves from his, sliding up his arm to grip his shoulder. When their kiss ends, Will leans over her to Hannibal, and kisses him as well. They really do kiss the same, he notes with an amused huff.

"I think we must insist on keeping you forever, dear Will," Hannibal adds warmly, and Will smiles, and nods, giving Hannibal one more kiss. "Perhaps, if you are amenable, when the stores run low, you will join us in our hunt, as well."

Will shivers, biting his lower lip. Knowing what little he knows about how they select their meat, a wrathful, righteous piece of him flares in readiness. It would feel good to rid the world of more evil men. And he can see in their eyes, even if he were to refuse, they would accept it, and wait for him to be ready to join this last part of their pack.

Even if he can't, at first, he will happily eat with them, and warm their bed, and swap stories and share walks in the woods with them. He smiles, touching Hannibal's hair, and then Mischa's, and settles into the bed with a sigh. Hannibal pulls the golden blanket over them, kisses Mischa once more while Will watches, and she smiles, happily tucking herself against Will's chest. Hannibal presses flat to her back, embracing both of them, and Will lets his hand settle, content and warm, on Hannibal's hip.

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